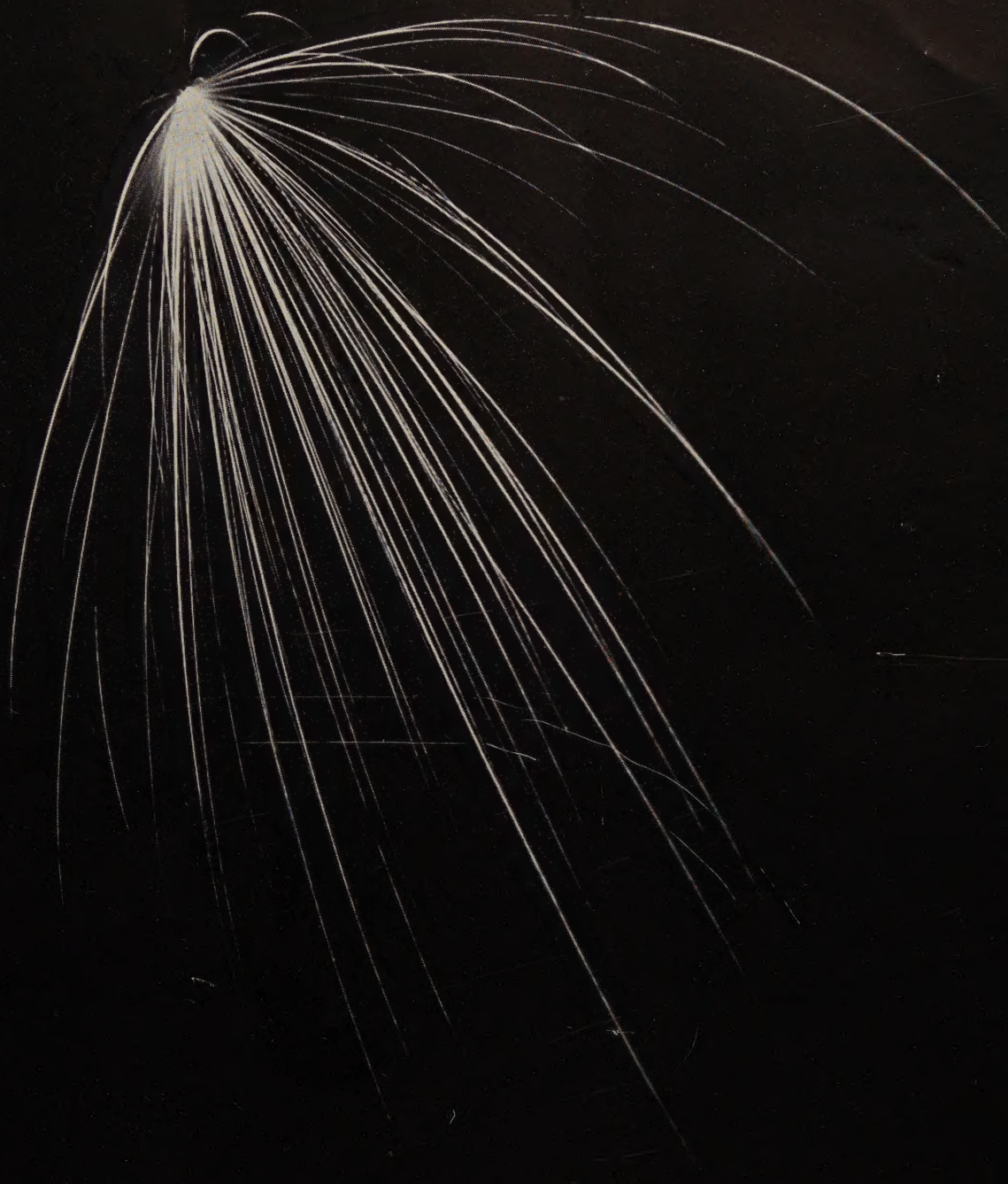


The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
earthstone



- **Now You Listen, Busybody!—Mary Blair Immel**
- **Choosing Our Children's Companions—Vera Channels**

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

JULY, 1956 -- 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*
SUE H. WOLLAM, *Assistant Editor*
JOY GHIGLERI, *layout*

Contents

ARTICLES

Vacation Means Fun	Annie Laurie Von Tungeln	2
Alexander Jackson Douglas	Elisabeth Logan Davis	4
Now You Listen, Busybody!	Mary Blair Immel	10
Choosing Our Children's Companions (Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups)	Vera Channels	22

STORIES

Date with Catherine	D. MacClure	6
Story for Children Bumpo	Halcyon M. Thomas	18

FEATURES

The World at Your Front Door		1
Let Your Children Teach You the joy of discovery	Ruth Cummings Sanborn	13
God Is Everywhere	feature by Waltner	14
A Chuck Wagon Supper	Loie Brandom	16
A Sailing We Will Go	Lovell Sherrod	16
Worship in the Family with Children		19
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	25
Books for the Hearthside		29
Over the Back Fence		32
Church—Home—School	Rae Cross	33

COVER: photo by erb

Published Jointly Each Month By

Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

The American Baptist Publication Society

LUTHER WESLEY SMITH, *Executive Secretary*
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Vol. 8

Editorial Committee

Jessie B. Carlson, *Children's Editor*
Ray L. Henthorne, *Youth Editor*
Sherman Hanson, *Assistant Youth Editor*
E. Lee Neal, *Adult and Family Life Editor*
J. D. Montgomery, *Director Family Life*

Benjamin P. Browne, *Director Christian Publications*
Marian Brawn, *Children's Editor*
Elizabeth Tibbals, *Assistant Children's Editor*
Lawrence Fitzgerald, *Youth Editor*
Robert G. Torbet, *Uniform Lesson Editor*
Francis E. Whiting, *Adult Editor*
Joseph J. Hanson, *Director Family Life*

No. 7

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

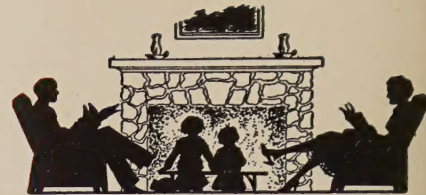
All books and printed matter referred to in *Hearthstone* may be ordered from either publishing house. All prices are subject to change without notice.

The Scripture quotations are from the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible, copyrighted by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A., 1946, 1952. Used by permission.

Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

Copyright 1956 by the Christian Board of Publication and the American Baptist Publication Society.

Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Do Something

A friend of my husband's was in a quandry as to how to do a certain job one day while he was at work. The boss, aware of his mental inertia, said sharply, "Well, do *something*, Rennie, even if it's wrong."

Carefully scrutinized and analyzed, this is excellent advice. Now of course, this doesn't imply tackling work and responsibilities blindly and without any forethought; but the fellow who waits until he is *absolutely positive* before he embarks upon a new venture will more than likely be forever in a perpetual state of inactivity.

What would you like to do but hesitate doing because you fear that you won't succeed? Get a better job? Teach a church school class? Further your education? Remember the time-worn cliché, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

What's Here? "Now You Listen, Busybody!" A rather poignant title, you'll agree, but not directed to you or to anyone in particular. It's directed to everyone who is guilty of slandering and maligning the reputations of teen-agers. Even if you stoutly maintain that you are not culpable, you should read this article by Mary Blair Immel anyway.

Children should derive the greatest amount of pleasure and profit possible during summer vacation. To help your children have an enjoyable, worth-while summer read "Vacation Means Fun," by Annie Laurie Von Tungeln.

Everyone has heard of the well-known author and preacher Lloyd C. Douglas, but few know very much about his illustrious father, Alexander Jackson Douglas, who set the pace for his son. His interesting, entertaining biography is here for you to enjoy.

Our story this month is a whimsical tale about a teen-age boy who is supposed to have a date with a young lady named Catherine and ends up with—aw shucks! Read the story, "Date with Catherine," and find out. Anyway, he got more than he bargained for.

The kiddies will like "Bumpo," the story of a little rabbit who wants to be something besides a rabbit.

What's Coming? Titles to whet your appetites are "Each Child Is an Individual," by Jean B. Hamm; "Temperance Teaching in the Home," by Caryl Slifer; and "What to Do About Jealousy," by Marjorie S. Watts.

So long,
S. W.

THE WORLD

● Protest Singapore Lottery Bill

Singapore—Protestant leaders hailed the government's move in withdrawing a request that the Legislative Assembly act on its proposal for the establishment of a State Lottery. The decision was called a "victory for common sense."

Eric Wee Sian Beng, vice-chairman of the World Assembly of Youth, called the government's action a "good thing." He and other Protestant leaders had sought to organize a picket line by the Singapore Christian Youth Council around the legislative building as a protest against the proposal. Protestant ministers and lay leaders joined with the youth group in a telephone and petition campaign against the passage of the lottery bill.

The bill had been proposed as a means of securing needed additional revenue for a badly needed social welfare program. The government reserved its right to introduce the bill at a later time.

● Church Builds Town on Ammunition Dump

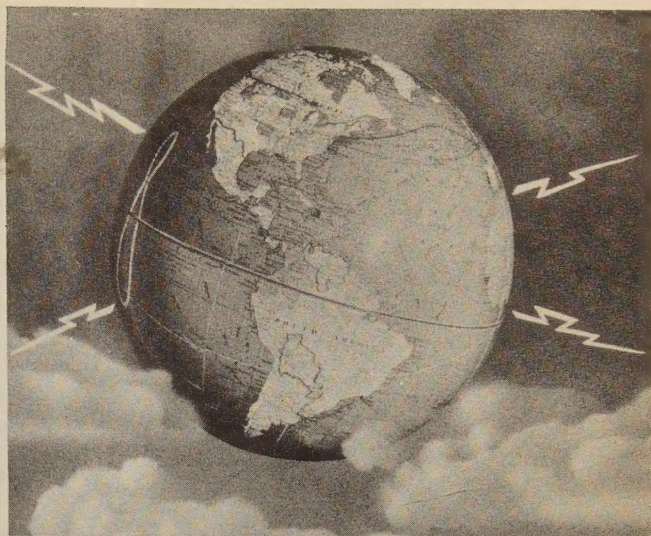
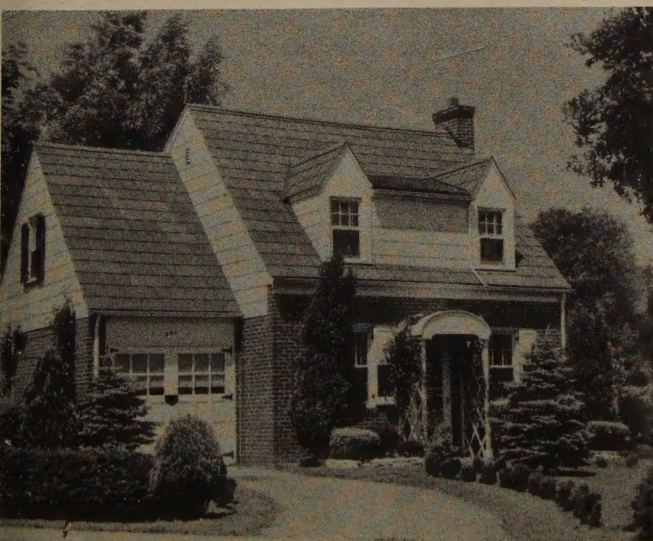
Espelkamp, Germany—A new town of 8000 inhabitants has been created since the war on the site of a wartime ammunition dump here, says bu Hilfswerk, welfare agency of the Evangelical Church in Germany (EKID).

Started as a temporary shelter for refugees and expellees, it has become virtually a self-supporting community with a spinning mill, concrete plant, cardboard box factory, and other industrial installations. Among the products now manufactured are office equipment, mattresses and bed springs, and heavy machinery.

The town site is a clearing in the middle of a 1200-acre pine forest in Westphalia, about 25 miles northeast of Osnabueck. The clearing was created when German army engineers, seeking to locate an ammunition dump where it would have natural concealment from enemy bombers, chopped down hundreds of tall pines.

Although EKID still has chief responsibility for the project, Espelkamp is no longer entirely a Protestant community. The

H. Armstrong Roberts



H. Armstrong Roberts

town now has a Roman Catholic parish. New settlers are accepted solely on the basis of their skills or talents, without reference to creed or national origin.

Funds for the project were supplied by the government, United States agencies in Germany, and Protestant groups in the United States, Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, and Switzerland.

● Church Holds Summer Christmas Service

Vicksburg, Mich.—Some four years ago First Methodist Church here started observing Christmas in the summer. Full attendance has been the order of the day at these services which include a Christmas sermon by the pastor.

Services are held at this time to stress the spiritual aspect of the season. At Christmas time people are so preoccupied with gift buying and other commercial distractions that the real spirit of the occasion is often difficult to experience.

It was pointed out that no one really knows the exact time of the year when Jesus was born; so the summer may be as accurate a date as December.

Christmas songs are sung at the service, but there is no exchange of gifts.

● Church Backs Land Redistribution

Ranchi, India—A joint statement supporting Bhawe's movement for redistributing India's land by voluntary gifts was issued by leaders of the churches.


The movement seeks to obtain from landowners a sixth of the country's cultivable land for distribution to the landless. This is all done on a voluntary basis. In the state of Bihar, where Ranchi is located, some 11,500 landless families have benefited from the movement, which is called Bhoodan. It has been called the best way to solve India's land problem.

AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

by Annie Laurie Von Tungeln

Vacation is a time for children to engage in activities which they enjoy. After a rigid nine-month school routine children should be allowed during vacation to pursue their interests at their own desired rate.

vacation means fun!



Last June I spent a week end on my brother's farm. The six- and ten-year-old girls in the family already were absorbed in vacation activities, although school had been out only a few days. They took me with them to see the chickens and to gather the eggs; to the pasture for a look at the horse they love to ride; and to the big garden, in which they take special pride, since part of the vegetables—the ones they planted—are “theirs.” The girls were delighted when the morning mail brought several picture post cards from friends who know that they have started a collection.

A new family of kittens appeared on the scene, and the girls talked enthusiastically about the fun they would have playing with them and their dog, Blackie. The ten-year-old spent the afternoon curled up in bed reading, and the six-year-old played with their little brother.

In the evening all of us sat on the big screened-in front porch. We acted out charades and played quiet games in which the whole family took part, and the girls propounded riddles and puzzles. There were squeals of happy laughter when their parents and I failed to guess the answers—as we usually did! It was obvious that Penney and Amanda were happily adjusted to their new schedule.

Perhaps it is easier for youngsters who live on a farm to find exciting things to fill the long hours of summer vacation than it is for city children. But vacation can and should be a happy, useful time for children everywhere. Naturally, it means different things to different youngsters. Some go to camp; some take vacation trips with parents; others find happy employment in play and helping with small household tasks at home.

Regardless of how children spend the summer, it brings one gift in which most of them share—much leisure time. Life has become one long, glorious Saturday!

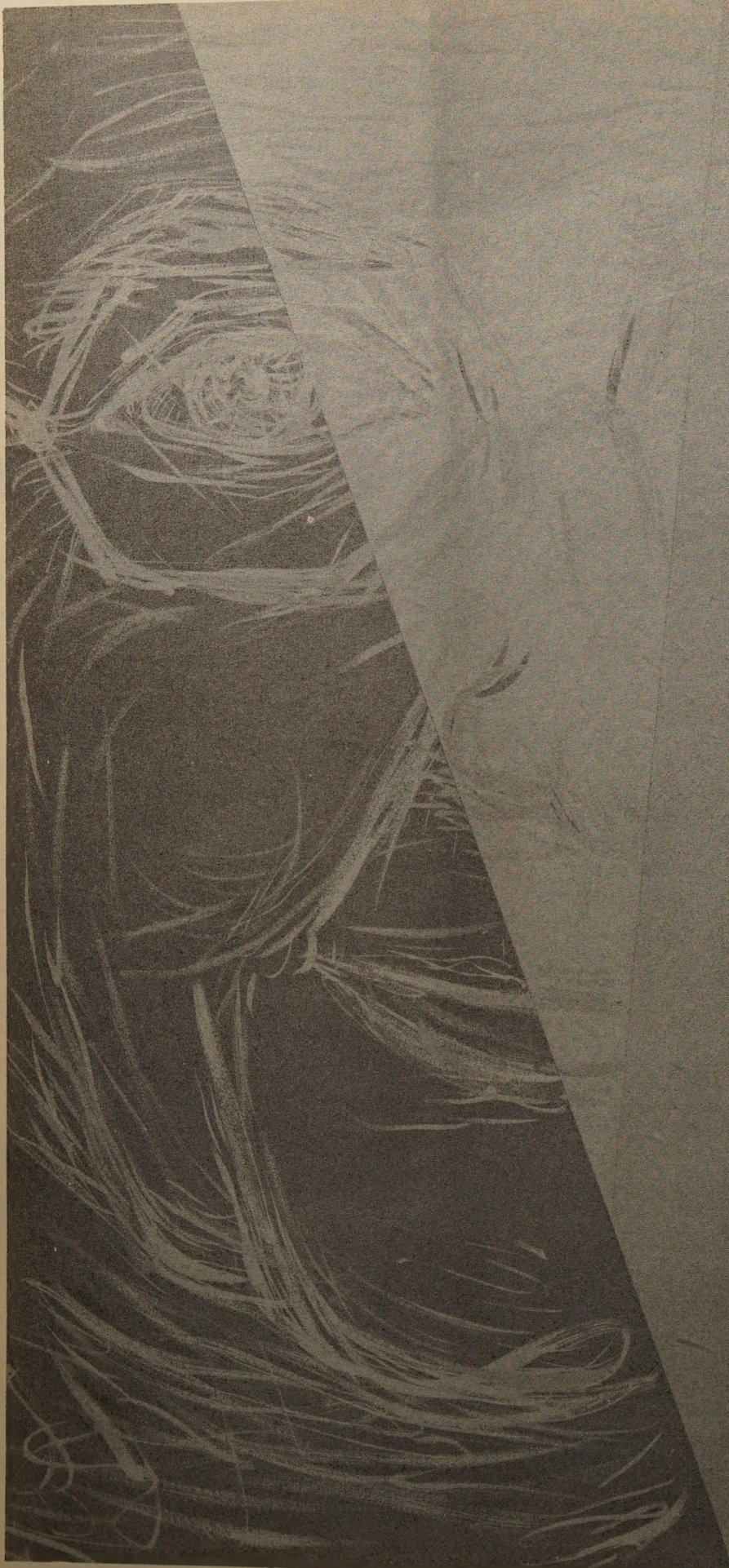
Leisure offers the best opportunity in the world to learn just for fun—and that is probably the best kind of learning. In school or other organized groups it sometimes is impossible for children to pursue their own interests as fully as they would like. They are, of necessity, limited by the requirements of the curriculum or the wishes of the group. But vacation is different! There is no prescribed curriculum, and a youngster isn't expected to finish a certain number of pages in a textbook by a designated time or to prepare for examinations. Home schedules, as bedtime, also may be relaxed somewhat, and rules and regulations in general made more permissive. All this contributes to an atmosphere

of freedom and relaxation. Conditions are at their best for a child to explore his own interests at his own speed, wherever they may point. Of course, success is important to children. On the other hand, if the radishes Jimmy planted don't grow or the stitches in the dress Sally is making for her doll aren't straight, the matter isn't too serious. They're not being graded on their voluntary ventures, and perhaps the lack of tension may even help them to do a better job than if they were working under compulsion.

Fortunately, youngsters are creative and resourceful. They invent innumerable games and other ways of keeping busy. Moreover, their ideas and plans are important to the success of any venture in leisure, as in other things. They like and should have a part in planning their summer activities. Time passes slowly for children, however. Fifteen or twenty minutes may seem as long to them as an hour or more does to us. Naturally, they rely on adults to furnish at least part of their summer fun. They like to feel that parents and other grownups are genuinely eager to help them find interesting ways to spend the time. Children are hungry for new experiences, and they need to be guided into them by enthusiastic

(Continued on page 28)





ALEXANDER

by Elisabeth

IT TOOK fifty years to make a writer out of Lloyd C. Douglas. It really took double that because his father, whose influence cannot be discounted, was a forerunner preparing the way for his famous son.

The Reverend Alexander Jackson Douglas, or "Papa" as his children were taught to call him, was definitely old fashioned. Lloyd, remembering his childhood, said, "No one talked back to parents in that day. If we were told to take the rotten apples out of the barrel in the cellar, we did the job as if we liked nothing better. No murmuring was allowed."

The writer of *The Robe*, looking back on his early years, recalled the discipline of his strict father. One hot day in the parsonage garden in Columbia City, Indiana, young Lloyd was hoeing corn when two boys came along waving their fishing poles and calling, "Come along! Fishin's good!" Young Lloyd was about ready to drop his hoe when Papa Douglas came out of his study. His son ventured, "Fish are bitin' fine, Papa. Can't I go?"

"No, son, keep right on hoeing. They won't bite you."

In spite of such disappointments and strictness, Lloyd often had glimpses of his father's kindness. Once when he forgot his lines at a church school program, Papa Douglas came to his son's defense, "Don't chide him, Mama," he implored when she said he was the poorest on the program. "Remember he didn't want to do it. The piece was too babyish for him."

ACKSON DOUGLAS

—Father of the renowned author Lloyd C. Douglas, he was famous in his own right.

an Davis

Mrs. Douglas had pinned the title of a "nice little man" on her son, and any failure of him to measure up resulted in her "making the fur fly." To have peace in the family often the father would take him aside and advise, "Don't upset her, my boy. Do what she wants. You'll feel better about it in the long run."

The Rev. A. J. had deliberately chosen for his second wife Sarah Jane Cassel because she had high standards. He had met her at the Teachers' Institute when he was county superintendent of schools and had taken note of her record as a good disciplinarian. He, a widower of forty-nine years, was searching for a suitable wife to care for his children—eight of them. Sarah Jane, at twenty-nine, was just the person he was looking for.

Unfortunately, the children were not prepared for a new mother. Their father had not told them he was bringing home a helper whose commands, they soon would discover, were as unbending as the oak which stood beside the house. On that hot July day in 1876, the Rev. A. J. pulled the high-stepping Hamiltonian team of horses to a stop at the parsonage and lifted his young bride from the buggy. He announced to his stunned audience of children, "Here is your new Mama!" They were anything but cordial.

Jennie, the former schoolmarm, immediately set about getting the children straightened out according to her assumed role of "Mama-knows-best." Often this was done

in a louder voice than her acquired family liked to hear; but she had plenty to keep her nerves as taut and rasping as a violin string. She came into a household which was ravaged by "galloping consumption," and had to nurse two of her stepchildren, Minnie, a girl of fifteen, and Will, twenty-one.

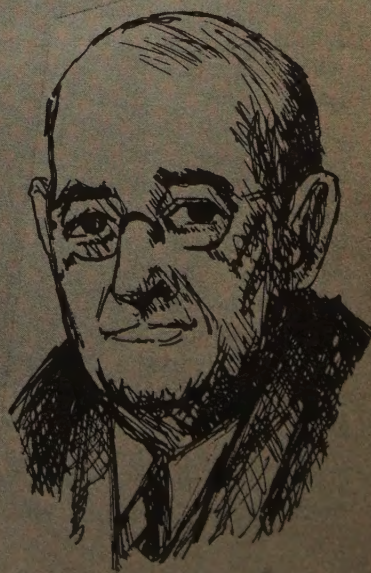
In the midst of all of this sickness her own son, Lloyd, was born. A year and a half later a baby girl arrived, and in a few months she died of whooping cough. Life was as rugged for Jennie Douglas as the unpaved roads of Columbia City where she and her parson husband were cradling unconsciously their fame-bound son.

The Rev. A. J. could not be much help in the home crises because of his own furrowed way. At different stages in his life, he had undertaken a variety of careers. First, he studied for the ministry in the Wittenberg Lutheran College at Springfield, Ohio. Not finding perfect satisfaction in that vocation, he studied law and became a prosecuting attorney, a state senator, and a county superintendent of schools. Besides, he was asked to fill temporarily a vacancy in the Lutheran Church in Columbia City. It turned out to be a pastorate of four or five years.

With all of his careers he was first and foremost a preacher and pastor. He dressed the part. He always wore a tall plug hat and a froek coat whether calling on a farmer or conducting a funeral or occupying a seat in the state senate. His ruddy complexion and

(Continued on page 9)

Illustration by MacDonald



Date

with

Catherine



by D. MacClure

AS HE came down the stairs, he was whistling. It was spring. Saturday evening early, and he almost had a date with Catherine.

Almost. He had to phone her first. You always had to phone Catherine first. She had the busiest line in the neighborhood. Last winter he hadn't risked more than a "Hi, Catherine!" in the street, a rarely ventured bid for friendship. Last winter he had been nothing, nobody.

It was different now. He was seventeen.

He paused before the telephone on the hall table, then veered into the living room.

"Hi, Mom!"

His mother put down her magazine and smiled up at him past the lamplight. He had noticed before, with something approaching embarrassment, that she always smiled whenever her eyes touched on him. He remembered that even in the year his father died, even when her eyes were still wet, she had still managed to smile at him.

But this time, as her eyes adored him, he could not help detecting a faint trace of sadness about them, and he began to blush because secretly he felt so clumsy and inadequate. The sadness was there, he knew, because he would be going to college soon, several hundred miles away, and she would be alone. She was probably worrying about what the plunge into a new life would do to him. She had mentioned once that it had what she described as "a strange effect" on

some of the boys in the neighborhood.

"Going out tonight?" she asked suddenly.

He nodded. "With Catherine. Have to phone her first." His confidence struck rather loudly through his voice.

"And what would happen," his mother said, with the faintest irony, "if you just went over to Catherine's without phoning first?"

"Oh, nothing, I suppose." He frowned a little as he turned toward the door. You couldn't expect mothers to understand a girl like Catherine. Not even Mom, who had never batted an eyelid whatever happened—not even when he found that old medical book in the basement and asked her all kinds of outrageous questions.

"By the way," he said awkwardly, turning back before he was halfway through the door, "you're not going to—er—get upset or anything, are you?"

"Upset? What do you mean?"

"Well, it's my last night. I mean—spending it with Catherine." He frowned, made the supreme sacrifice. "Maybe I'd better call it off."

"Don't be silly," she said crisply. "You're not leaving till the afternoon. I shall have all the morning to cling to you."

He grinned, and disappeared behind the door.

CATHERINE'S number was engaged. Johnny frowned and shook

his head. Some long-winded guy was there, probably talking her ears off.

He decided to start walking, and tried to get her again from a telephone booth on the way over. And then again. The third time, with his heart pounding, he spoke to her.

"I think I'm expected this evening," he said casually. "What? I didn't quite hear you?"

He listened.

"Oh." His voice fell in flat disappointment. "Relatives? That's terrible. Oh, sure—sure, I understand. Duty before pleasure." He laughed a little hollowly. "Well—it'll have to be later, I guess. What time?"

He listened again, something like panic dawning in his face. "The movies? Well, you'll be back by nine—or a quarter after—Oh?—Then how would it be if I drop in when you're feeding them? We can slip out. I'll have the car. The car—Annabelle—Sure, she's running. Been saving herself for you. We can run out in the country like last time—remember?"

His throat tightened with the thought of that night—the moon, Catherine beside him, the moonlight on her face.

He came back to what she was saying in sudden shock. "Take who with us?—Nothing doing. No cousins giggling around, distant or otherwise. Oh, it's a he. Older guy." Worse and worse. "That's out," he said firmly.

In a minute he was saying,



*Illustration
by Henry Luhrs*

Barbara waited as Johnny got down to look under the car.

He told her that for some "strange" reason the cat had taken to staying under the car lately and that he had nearly run over her.

hastily, "Now, don't get mad at me, Catherine. How can I be insulting the guy when I've never even seen him? Tell you what—maybe we can find another girl for him—take 'em up to that place we went one time and have some food—What time shall I—O.K. I'll hang on."

He leaned back. He should have told her the big news. That would settle everything. As soon as he heard her voice on the phone again, he said, "Fix this thing up now, Catherine, will you? This happens to be a special night if you only knew it. I'm going at last—tomorrow."

Her exclamation was satisfactory until he learned its cause. His eyes went blank.

"He is, too? Well, I'll be darned!" His voice dulled. "Well, if it's going to be so difficult for us to get together, maybe I'd better say good-bye right now—Oh, you do? You really want to? When can you let me know? It's still early. In half an hour? O.K. Me? Me get him a girl? Where can I get one?—All right, Catherine, I'll manage. I'll wait for your phone call at home, then. Or perhaps I'd better phone you," he said, suddenly remembering the calls that had never come.

HE WENT out into the spring evening, his mind in a turmoil. Somewhere inside he smarted with disappointment and resentment. Not with Catherine but with all the people who kept making claims on her. He knew she didn't want to be bothered with this distant cousin.

He slowed his pace. Perhaps he'd see some girl he knew, someone he could ask for Catherine's cousin. He walked through the shopping center, then turned into his own street.

No girls were in sight, not even one. There was only the painful reality of the light in the house next door to his own. Barbara White's house. Barbara would be home on Saturday evening. Barbara had been brilliantly clever at school. She was training to be a nurse—not the glamorous kind.

He heard his mother answering the phone as he entered the house

and was faintly surprised when she said, "Hello, Barbara, how are you?"

"I'm fine, thank you, Mrs. Andrews." He hovered in the hall. He could hear Barbara's voice quite clearly. "I just wondered," she said, "whether Johnny happens to be there?"

"Yes, he just—"

It's a fact:

***Pablum is really
"food for cattle."***

"Oh! Well, it doesn't *really* matter—it doesn't matter in the least. We just happened to have some chocolate pie tonight, and I—Mother thought perhaps you'd both like some."

"I'm sure Johnny would," his mother said warmly.

"And Mrs. Andrews—"

"Yes?"

"I—if Johnny just can't come over for some pie—please wish him good luck from me, will you?" Barbara said.

"Indeed I will. But he's here now. He just came in. Would you like to speak to him?"

"Oh! Well, yes—I mean, if he's there."

Johnny took the phone. "Hi, Barb!" he shouted. "Want to make up a foursome tonight?"

FOUR PHONE calls later Johnny was at the garage doors, and Barbara was running across the lawn in a white dress, holding the skirt above the wet grass.

Johnny stared at her in dismay. "What did you get all dressed up for?"

She stood beside him, panting a little, one hand pushing back the shining thickness of her hair from her forehead.

"I thought you said we—it was a dinner date."

"Well, it is. But there's no need for dressing up." He told her where they were going, and that he understood Catherine's cousin was a big handsome guy who likes nurses. "And he's leaving tomorrow, too."

There was silence for a moment

while he fiddled with the lock on the garage door.

"Johnny, if you mean by that that I'm supposed to play kissing games to build up his morale—I don't think I like it."

"Listen, Barbara," he began pleadingly, then he clamped his jaw. He rolled the garage door back with a bang. "I haven't time to argue," he said decisively. "Are you coming, or aren't you?"

"I'll come." It was a mere breath.

He snapped the light on in the garage, got on one knee to look under the car.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"The cat." He straightened. "Ginger's taken to staying under the car lately. I nearly ran over her one night."

Grunting, he pulled the choke on the dashboard, snapped the headlight switch on. Only one came on. He smote the other with the palm of his hand, and it flickered on, stayed.

"Let's go." He swung in behind the wheel and ungallantly pushed the other door open from the inside for Barbara.

The motor caught with a chug and a gasp and died.

"Too much choke," said Barbara.

"Not enough," he contradicted. "Don't you think I—what was that?"

He listened. Barbara listened, too.

"It sounded like a little cry," she whispered. "Wait—there it is again."

The sound seemed to come from under them or behind them. Johnny shut off the ignition, twisted around, and surveyed the back seat. His jaw dropped. "Oh, no!" he said. "What a mess! What a mess!" Listen, Barbara, you'd better get out of the car and wait outside."

"What is it?" she twisted around, too, but his hand held her shoulder.

"Ginger," he said. "She's had kittens. I mean—she's *having* them." His face was pale.

He was out of the car in a flash, pulling brush and pail out of a corner of the garage.

(Continued on page 27)



Alexander Jackson Douglas

(Continued from page 5)

white hair and the customary Santa Claus-like beard gave him a genial appearance. The picture was complete with a girth as round as a barrel. He was an excellent speaker and had no difficulty in holding his audience, whatever his subject.

This gift of commanding the attention of an audience was passed down from father to son to an even greater degree. One reason, perhaps, was that Papa Douglas took such pains to teach his son certain fundamentals.

Lloyd C. Douglas writes in his autobiography, *Time to Remember*, how his father often spoke to him about the importance of voice cultivation. "You should pitch it in the lowest register at your command. High-keyed shouting has a way of dispelling attention rather than concentrating it." This was a doubly important warning because Lloyd's mother had a high-pitched voice. When she yelled at the children in correcting them, she could be heard across the fields. At such times the Rev. A. J. would take his favorite rocker and move into another room.

Papa Douglas apparently had an intuitive insight into the future of his young son. He was continually talking to him about the art of speaking and writing well. "When you use descriptive words, be mindful not to pile on too many adjectives; and remember to select adverbs with care. They are associated with your sentences at the point where it is really doing business."

Because his son was so attentive and so eager to learn, his father always found time for him, in spite of the demands from his parish-

ioners, his clients, and the school-teachers of the county.

To the mother, though, these many calls upon her husband seemed to vex her and made her long to get him away from it all. Even the picnics down by the river were becoming less frequent. Not that the Rev. A. J. minded this, for he never did like to eat out of doors; and when he did go along, he sat stiffly in the carriage and ate his sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs alone.

When Mama Douglas was unhappy, everybody was unhappy. Fortunately, relief came when a Mr. Benjamin Strickland arrived on a visit to friends in Columbia City. He heard the Rev. Mr. Douglas preach and liked him so much that he suggested him for his country neighborhood near Cincinnati.

"Shall we go, Jennie?" asked her husband as he flipped up his long coat tails and sat down at the dinner table. "Sauerkraut and spareribs! Smells good, doesn't it children? Your Mama is a fine cook, isn't she?" He took his time serving them the tempting spareribs. Then with deliberation he gave the blessing, a long one asking for special guidance. He had an adroit way of creating suspense. At last came the story of the call to Kentucky: The parsonage was in the country; it was old but ample; it was surrounded by four acres of fertile ground. The pay was meager—\$600 a year—but "We can buy a cow and a horse and some chickens and get along. Can't we, Jennie?"

Jennie Douglas almost dropped the blackberry cobbler she was lifting out of the oven as she excitedly

said, "Indeed we can. I'll hurry and get through dinner and then I'll start packing, if you children will bring down the trunks." She decided to bypass the Rev. A. J.'s prayers for guidance.

If Mrs. Douglas reacted as quickly as a migrating bird on the wing, her husband created excitement by his deliberate manner. Whether it was dinner table talk or reading *Ben Hur* to the family gathered around the gas burner, he would prolong the issue or abruptly say, "Children, enough! It's bedtime."

The writer Lloyd C. Douglas gave as one secret of his own success the inherited trait of creating suspense. He remembers that back in those days before such pleasure gadgets as radio, television, and the movies, the arrival of the *Youth's Companion* on Fridays was an event. It was never unwrapped until after the supper dishes were done. Then as the family settled down quietly in the living room, Papa Douglas, with great deliberation tore off the wrapper. He spent another five minutes polishing his glasses before he read the stories aloud. His son often wondered why his father could not have cleaned his spectacles beforehand. Later, when Lloyd became a renowned lecturer, preacher, and author, he understood the importance of suspense. He always said, "It is a gift and not something one can achieve."

At last after the Rev. A. J. had weighed the matter back and forth, the Douglasses settled in Kentucky. They loved the rustic old manse, the bluegrass-covered hills, and the friendly neighbors. Best of all baby Clyde was born that first year. In the ministry, however, things never seemed to run like an oiled carriage. This time Benjamin Strickland was the hitch in the running. In the fourth year of his pastorate, some devoted friends proposed to give the Rev. A. J. a gold watch. When they approached Mr. Strickland for a contribution, he hesitated, "Well, now, if anybody needs a gold watch, why not give it to the oldest member of the church board." He talked the committee into hon-

(Continued on page 30)

Editor's Note—

After reading Mrs. Daniel's article we read much, looking in the general direction of every-thing, but of no one particular. "How you listen, busybody?"

Danites looked at secretary; secretary looked at transcriber; transcriber looked at typist; typist looked at the messenger; and the messenger went to look for the circulation.

Everybody thought we were looking to improve our-

Mrs. Daniel is not scolding any body, either, nor is she scolding anyone, its particular. She has, however, a helpful word for the mothers, fathers, and next-door neighbors of teenagers.

So, please, read! This article isn't just for "Hearstone"; it's for you.

Now You Listen, BUSYBODY!

Mrs. Jennings was having a hard time going to sleep. It was 1:30 A.M., and she was still tossing and turning. She decided to get up and get some fresh air. She went over to her bedroom window. As she looked out, she saw a car parked in the next driveway. She snorted. There was the Morris girl and some fellow. She could not see just what they were doing, but she was sure they were behaving disgracefully.

The next morning Mrs. Jennings went about her usual tasks. When she went outside to empty the waste paper, she talked to a neighbor about the Morris girl. She told the neighbor that the girl's conduct had been unbecoming and spoke at length about "the disgraceful way young people behave these days."

Mrs. Jennings made similar reports to other neighbors as she hung her washing on the line and as she walked down to the corner market.

These unkind commentaries about Nancy Morris had spread throughout the neighborhood by

the time Mrs. Jennings encountered Mrs. Morris later in the day. Mrs. Morris, not knowing yet about the stories Mrs. Jennings had circulated about her daughter, chatted amiably about family matters.

Nancy had worked late at a downtown department store, taking inventory, her mother said. The boy whom she had dated regularly during the past year had met her, taken her out for a late supper, and then brought her home. As they were getting out of his car, Nancy had dropped the door key which she had already taken from her purse. It had taken nearly half an hour of frantic search to locate the key which had slid through the grass on the terrace.

Now that Mrs. Jennings knew what Nancy and her escort had really been doing last night, she felt foolish, ashamed, and deeply sorry about having started harmful gossip about the girl. She had started a rumor that could not now be stopped, and serious damage had been done to Nancy's reputation and prestige in the community.

Nancy is not the first teen-ager

to have been hurt by a thoughtless and inconsiderate busybody neighbor. Adults do not always take time to check the motives of teen-agers carefully before disapproving their behavior. Perfectly innocent and proper deeds, misunderstood by some busybody adult, can often bring a damaging barrage of criticism down on the heads of young persons.

To protect themselves from thoughtless criticism, teen-agers sometimes become expert at the art of "covering up." Most of them have nothing they really need to hide because of shame. Against the unfair criticisms of the busybodies, however, they put up a front of independence and autonomy much as an individual holds up a parasol to shield himself from the burning sun. The wholesome social spirit that is covered by this canopy of self-determinism goes undetected by the busybodies, who simply conclude that the teen-agers are conceited and self-centered.

Teen-agers are not, as a group, overweening. Adults who look carefully behind the not impreg-

nable line of defense young people have thrown up against the busybodies discover that the teen-agers want to learn to take their places as responsible members of the community. Why must they be thwarted by a few meddling busybodies here and there?

Only three per cent of the teen-agers in the United States are juvenile delinquents. The other 97 per cent is made up of wholesome, socially responsible young people. Carping critics must not be allowed to persuade the public that the enthusiasm displayed by young people when they are enjoying themselves is smoke spiraling up from the fire of improper conduct.

After a football game young people like to drive through the streets in festooned cars, singing school songs. Often the cars are painted with gaudy colors and equipped with unusual noisemakers such as bells and "wolf whistles." Teen-age boys and girls have special neighborhood "spots" where they like to gather, jabber, and jitterbug. Sometimes they get a

bit noisy, and sometimes they seem a bit silly. But what does all this prove? It proves only that they are adolescents, that they are seeking social recognition and a responsible position in society. Their effervescence proves nothing more than this, and adults should not misunderstand and misinterpret such conduct or gossip maliciously about young persons because of it.

Probably at one time or another everyone has been guilty of being a busybody neighbor.

"Oh, no. Not I," most adults would probably be quick to answer. "I've never spread a malicious tale about a teen-ager the way Mrs. Jennings did. I mind my own business."

Unfortunately, it is much easier to see in others what most persons cannot see in themselves. Many, indeed, have never spread a story such as the one Mrs. Jennings publicized, but have said to themselves and to others:

"That lazy teen-age girl next door doesn't lift a finger to help her mother around the house."

"The way young people dress these days is disgraceful. They look like hoodlums."

"Teen-agers don't even speak English."

"If Mrs. Forster would just listen to me, I could give her a piece of advice about that teen-age son of hers."

"It's a foolish extravagance for the Morgan boy to have a car of his own. When I was young, teen-agers walked to school. It is more healthful."

Statements like these may appear harmless enough on the surface, but when they are analyzed it becomes evident that they spring from a prejudiced and negative attitude toward teen-agers which precludes any appreciation of them as individuals and persons.

Many critics of teen-agers have become busybodies without realizing it. There are some characteristics which can be warning signs. Busybodies are not concerned with having all the facts before they start a disagreeable story on its destructive way. Busybodies

by Mary
Blair Immel

And do you think that I
... that will make you
... with me. I
... in the night. Now,
... about it. I don't
... myself. But the men they
do. All of them. They
make it an account. Are
you guilty of spreading such
vicious, unfounded rumors and
slandering? Immediately about
this matter. About nothing else!



do not stop to weigh the possible harm their wagging tongues may do. They are eager to spread a story and give their own opinion about "this younger generation." Often busybodies mistakenly convince themselves that they are championing righteousness and trying to be helpful.

Before making a derogatory statement about a teen-age boy, girl, or group, adults should ask themselves such questions as these:

1. *Do I have all the facts, and are my facts correct?*

Like Mrs. Jennings many people make hasty and unfair judgments. It was far too easy for that thoughtless woman to repeat what she thought she saw Nancy do. Mrs. Jennings really did not know Nancy very well, but she had her opinions about teen-agers. It did not occur to her that she had not actually seen anything, but had built most of the situation in her mind. But, she had managed to rationalize, she had read several articles on the delinquency problem, and she supposed most teen-agers were alike.

2. *Is my statement harmful?*

Comments that are destructively critical, and that cannot really help a teen-ager, should not be made.

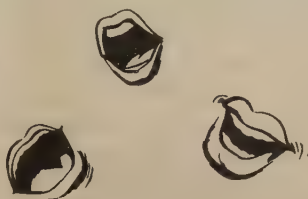
Mrs. Jennings did not stop to consider the trouble she might be causing Nancy Morris when she carelessly repeated her vague story. When she discovered her error, it was too late to undo the damage.

Before airing his views on a subject like Mrs. Forster's problem with her son, an adult should consider the possibility that his remarks may unnecessarily hurt someone. If Mrs. Forster is having difficulties with her teen-age son, the problem will not be alleviated by having a busybody neighbor discuss it with anyone who has an open ear. Unless one is a trained and qualified family counselor whose help has been sought, he will do well to let Mrs. Forster solve her own problem with her son. Mrs. Forster can solve it more quickly if she is free from interference by busybodies.

3. *Have I put myself in the other person's place?*

When adults attempt to evaluate the behavior of teen-agers, they should ask themselves how they would behave if they found themselves in the circumstances that the teen-agers are in.

Before shaking their heads in disgust at the sight of a young girl who is decked out in a full skirt which billows out below a slim waist nipped in sharply by a wide belt, adults should take a look at photographs of themselves taken ten or twenty years ago. They might be reminded of the material-shy skirts and baggy sweaters of



the early forties, or of the flapping overshoes and lost waistlines of the thirties. Usually, to see one's own-self as a teen-ager is to see that young people today are doing all right.

4. *What is the motive of my criticism of a teen-ager?*

The very tone of statements made by a self-designed neighborhood commentator will usually provide a good clue to the underlying motive.

The fact that the Morgan boy has a car probably seems like a great extravagance to a family which feels unable to buy their son a car. The statement that walking to school is more healthful is probably an attempt to cover up, even to themselves, that they are jealous of another's good fortune. The criticism pales when the motive of the critic is thus exposed.

5. *Will my statement serve a constructive purpose?*

Here can be found the real difference between a busybody neighbor and a neighboring friend who has a sincere interest in the welfare of teen-agers.

Mrs. Jennings probably would not have been suspicious of Nancy Morris' conduct if she had made a sincere attempt to become acquainted and understand the girl. Not taking time for that, however, Mrs. Jennings obviated such a possibility by her unfair gossip. Thereafter, she would be embarrassed in Nancy's presence, and Nancy would be suspicious of her. Friendly understanding could not develop in such an atmosphere.

The teen-agers in this country can be a source of great pride to the people of the United States. They are, by and large, fine wholesome young people. They have their peculiar adolescent problems, and sometimes they go about solving these problems in a confused manner that makes adults scratch their heads. But the teen-agers need to be understood and helped, not criticized and hurt. Adults need to create the kind of stable neighborhood and community atmosphere in which young people can be secure and at ease as they seek to find themselves as persons. This kind of atmosphere is impossible where busybodies are gossiping about teen-agers and making them feel they are under suspicion and on trial.

Adults should have confidence in young people. They should avoid holding prejudices about youth as a special social group. They should not speak about the behavior patterns of young persons without really checking facts and coming to know what they are talking about. Even when they are aware of some problem among the teen-agers in their neighborhood or community, they should not criticize young persons destructively, thus creating tension and making it that much more difficult for parents and qualified counselors to meet such problems.

Men and women in the church, who want to be Christians, must be guided by the principles of Jesus as they contemplate and comment on the spirits and actions of today's teen-agers. This demands that they be patient, understanding, and completely motivated by love.



Eva Luoma

by Ruth Cummings Sanborn

PHILIP and I were going visiting. We rode along slowly; he, jewel-eyed over every flower or animal he could glimpse at the roadside—alert to every plane aloft in the far-off sky. A baby colt was nuzzling his mother; a chipmunk raced dazedly across our way. Each new discovery was fun

for me, as well as for Philip. Finally, after lots of luck with green lights, a red one ordered us to stop.

"Mommy," Philip squealed. "Look, Mommy! A car with side-walks!"

A diamond would seem dull by comparison. My youngest son,

blue eyes alive with wonder, pink cheeks turned scarlet with excitement, was eyeing a boxy, somewhat ruffled car. Fenders high, windows small, it sported outside running boards. It was nothing unusual to me, but seen through the eyes of one used to sleek, smooth cars, it was a new discovery.

Commonplace things in my life take on a new aura when I see them through my children's eyes. Our maturing minds take so much for granted. New designs and ways of living creep upon us. We, wanting more efficiency and "eye appeal" in what surrounds us, forget the hominess of things gone by. Our minds become cluttered with everyday existence. Boredom and indifference push through, and this job of living becomes commonplace and dull.

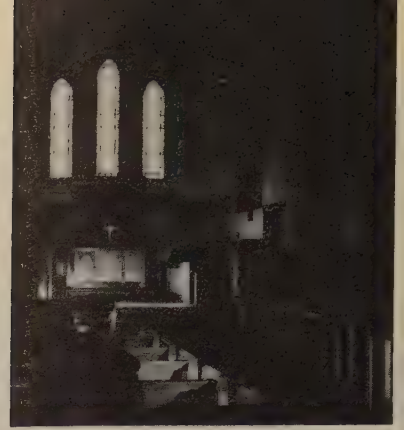
If we could only train ourselves to make each day a fresh experience in living; to see new opportunity in mundane tasks; to look on our possessions with added joy because their dated style means love, longlasting and fulfilled. The commonplace around us becomes mellowed with old friendships, and happiness recaptured in selfless living. We, because we take to change, yet view the old with new expectance, glean from it some treasure long unnoticed. Our lives take on the freshness of childlike discovery.

Our Father, God: Give us the ability to see each moment of our lives with new vision; to look on ordinary experiences as moments of hope fulfilled; to see in our tasks new joys in serving; to be ever alert to the opportunities which the commonplace in our lives brings. Make us new discoverers of thy great love. Amen.

LET YOUR CHILDREN TEACH YOU
the joy of discovery



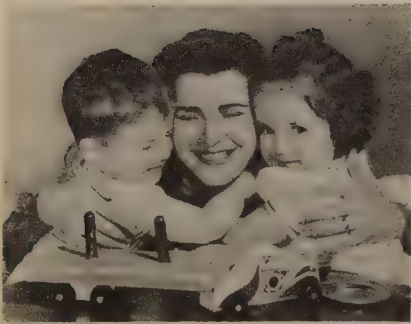
H. Armstrong Roberts



Waltner

His presence is here. His presence is everywhere, and those who look for it discover it.

"Father, we thank thee." The humility and innocence of childhood reveals a glimpse of the Kingdom of Heaven.



RNS

His love is reflected in the mother love that cares for children.

by
Waltner



Waltner

His tranquility is in the sparkling waters of the lake on a moon-drenched summer night.

Shining leaves and pointing tassels of corn give promise of the harvest.



Waltner

In each delicate blossom is evidence of a perfectly planned universe.

Waltner



God IS EVERYWHERE

God is seen in majestic, snow-capped mountains—an ever-present reminder that his love, like the ageless mountains, is eternal.



Don Knight

THAT UNLUCKY OLD SUN H

*With planning, your summer ca
Here are two bright ideas*

A Chuck Wagon Supper

A chuck wagon supper,
I'm sure you'll agree,
Is about the nicest
A party can be.
So be sure to attend
With your family, or friend,
For of food, fun, and frolics
There'll be never an end.

Date	Time	Place
------	------	-------

A sandy beach, a woodland, or a picnic place makes an ideal location for parking the station wagon which carries the supper supplies as did that of the cow-boys' old-fashioned, covered chuck wagon.

The cooks and supplies should be on hand an hour or so ahead of the guests to have the food practically

ready for serving when they arrive. As the outdoor supper, eaten around an open fire, is to be the main event of the evening, it will, of course, take first place on the program.

Use the campfire as the central location for the entertainment program, for campfire games are always in demand at chuck wagon suppers. The following suggestions can be easily adapted to players of all ages.

The Dishpan Brigade Relay Race. As chuck wagon suppers are usually served on tin plates, with tin drinking cups and metal or plastic forks and spoons, this race can really do a clean-up job. When all have finished eating, the plates are wiped off with paper napkins and stacked, as is the rest of the eat-

A Sailing We Will Go!

You don't have to be a millionaire; you don't even have to be in the upper ten per cent income bracket to take a summer cruise.

Any family can spend the summer on the water, if they live near a lake, and if they possess any imagination, energy, and a sailboat.

The best summer we ever spent was one when we couldn't afford a trip; so we cruised instead.

We found our boat quite by accident. One day while driving by the lake and wishing we could afford to buy a sailboat, we spied a neglected little snipe. It was rocking on its moorings. Its canvas was ripped, and its paint was peeled. But the brave little mast was proudly moving back and forth with the wind, as though it were beckoning some kindred soul to come

and rescue it from such an ignoble existence.

Bob, my husband, the boys, and I piled out of the car and hurried down the bank.

"What a shame!" I cried. "A person who neglects a boat like this shouldn't have one!"

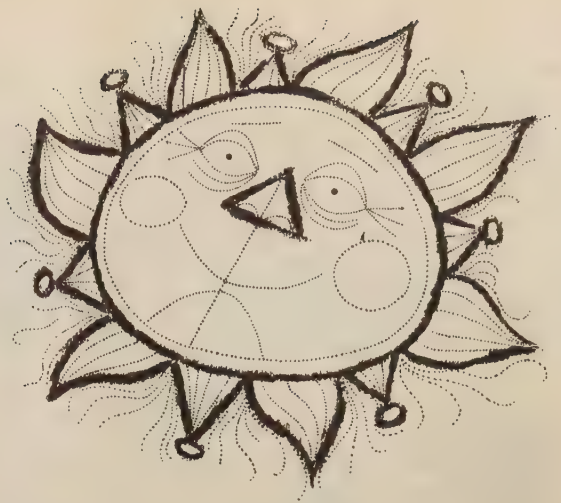
Bill, our young Sea Scout, was already aboard. After going over it carefully he said he believed it could be made ship shape if we were all willing to work.

The rest was easy. A question at the ranger station located the owner, who was not only willing but eager to sell at a more modest figure than we had dared hope for.

Some pushing and shoving, some heaving and towing, a rented trailer, and our prize was in our back

NOTHIN' TO DO--

it his to shame.
get you started!



by Loie Brandom

ing equipment. Four players form a team. Each team is given a dishpan filled with warm, soapsudsy water, and a sponge. The teams line up behind a starting mark, and the same amount of dirty dishes goes into each pan of soapsuds. Another pan is provided for each team in which the clean dishes may be placed. When the referee calls GO, the leader of each team runs to the tub allotted to his team, and starts washing dishes. In one minute the referee calls "time," whereupon the first dishwashers, without taking time to dry their hands, rush back to touch off number two dishwasher on each team, who repeats the process, and so on until each contestant has done his part. From time to time during the race, more dishes, always in equal amounts, are added to the

dishpans. The last dishwasher who is first to finish his or her dishes and return to his team back of the starting line, wins for that team.

For the more active guests there are many well-known games all will enjoy such as a tug-of-war, the equipment for which needs to be only a good stout rope. An obstacle race run backward, is good for outdoor entertainment. If a tree is handy, "swinging target" will be good. From a limb of the tree suspend a basketball on a stout line and start it swinging. The contestants throw at it with a baseball, after a good catcher has been stationed behind the swinging target to catch and return the ball. Each direct hit counts ten points.

(Continued on page 26)

by Lovell Sherrod

yard. It must have presented a sorry picture to our neighbors, but we were thrilled beyond expression. Every spare minute any of us had that spring was spent working on the boat. We scraped, we caulked, we painted, we sanded, and we polished. We washed and mended sails and bleached them to a snowy whiteness; and all the while a spirited argument was waged over a suitable name for our little craft.

The decision was finally left to a vote, and *Tally Ho* won easily over *The Gull*, *The Half Moon*, and *The Flying Saucer*.

Great was the day when *Tally Ho* was painted a battleship gray, with mast, rub rail, boom, and trimmings a bright red, and the name stenciled on bow and stern in red Old English lettering. Our city

stationers had no Old English stencils; so Tommy, the artist member of our family, toiled for hours perfecting one that suited our fastidious taste.

We decided to keep *Tally Ho* in a boat stall on our municipal lake instead of anchoring on a buoy. We felt this would offer her more protection, and make our coming and going easier.

Then came the launching and the first sail! After maneuvering the trailer in the water and letting *Tally Ho* float free, the boys proudly paddled her to her stall where masts, lines, and sails were rigged. Then she was ready for her first voyage. This was made with me happily waving from the dock, as there is an old sailors' superstition that a woman aboard

(Continued on page 26)



by Halcyon M. Thomas

Bumpo, the rabbit, lived with Mr. Lamper who was keeper of a small zoo. Mr. Lamper had given Bumpo his queer name because of the way he bumped along the ground with his tail and hind legs when he hopped.

Every night Bumpo heard Mr. Lamper tell Mrs. Lamper about the things that had happened that day at the zoo. Bumpo grew very curious. He wanted to see for himself the things that happened.

Bumpo told his mother what Mr. Lamper told Mrs. Lamper, and she grew curious, too; but she always said that she was much too busy with Bumpo's many brothers and sisters to spend any time at the zoo, even if it were not so very far away.

"But," she added, "you may go, Bumpo, to see what you can for yourself. Just sit on the edge of the cage on the outside of the heavy wires and keep away from animals with long noses and sharp claws."

Bumpo was delighted that his mother trusted him so much. One morning he hopped out of Mr. Lamper's yard, slipped under the fence, then hopped the rest of the way to the zoo. The first thing he saw was the elephant. There stood Big Jumbo. He was swinging his long nose, which some people called a trunk, from side to side. Back and forth, back and forth, it went. Every time Jumbo moved his trunk to the

left, Bumpo moved his head to the left; and every time Jumbo moved his head to the right, Bumpo moved his head to the right. Many, many times Bumpo moved his head back and forth.

When Bumpo went hopping home and slipped under the fence to his own yard, his head was still moving back and forth and he couldn't stop it. When it was time for his carrot supper, his head was still going back and forth. It took a long time for him to eat his carrot because he could only get a wee bite each time his poor head moved from side to side.

Bumpo's mother never said a word. She just went straight ahead and gave Bumpo's many brothers and sisters their carrots, keeping one eye on Bumpo and one eye on the many brothers and sisters.

Bumpo's head never stopped wagging till he was fast asleep.

The next day Bumpo hopped out of Mr. Lamper's yard again and slipped away to the zoo. He stayed away from the elephant's cage and spent his time watching the giraffe. He sat on the edge of the cage outside the heavy wire as his mother had told him to do. He watched the yellow giraffe with the big brown spots all over it. The giraffe looked all around him and reached his small head out over the high wire of his cage.

"I wonder what he sees when his eyes are up that high?" Bumpo asked himself. Bumpo began to stretch and stretch his short neck trying to make it into a long one.

When the sun was going down and the air was getting cool, Bumpo knew it was time to start for home. So he crawled under the fence and hopped to his own home in Mr. Lamper's yard.

His mother saw him coming, and she thought he was holding his head in a very unusual way. She asked

(Continued on page 31)

Illustrations
by Macdonald



WORSHIP

in the family with children

THEME
FOR
JULY:

Glad for
Summer Fun

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Bible Verses

While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease.

—Genesis 8:22.

We give thanks to thee, O God; we give thanks.

—Psalm 75:1.

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

Happy Summertime

Sandra liked summertime. She liked to hear the birds singing in the dim cool light of early morning. She liked to find the sun shining in her window when she woke up later in the morning. She liked to help Mother in the garden. She liked it when Daddy came home early and they packed a picnic basket and went to the park for supper.

Another reason that Sandra liked summertime was that it brought her birthday. Mother always baked a big birthday cake, and at dinner Daddy always prayed, "Thank you, God, for birthdays."

One morning Mother asked, "Want to help me bake a birthday cake?"

"Oh, yes," Sandra answered. "May I help with the icing?"

"Yes, you may."

"Will we have a birthday dinner?" Sandra asked.

Mother's eyes twinkled as they did when she thought nice thoughts, but she said nothing.

The next morning Mother got out the cleaning equipment. Sandra dusted the chairs. Mother pushed the vacuum. Sandra picked up the papers. Mother filled vases with fresh flowers. Then they got cleaned up.

Soon the doorbell rang. Mother went to the door, but Sandra heard nothing. Then a crowd of children burst into the living room calling, "Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!" They had come for a party.

Mother had planned it all. There were games to play. There were funny caps to wear when they went to the table. There were ice cream and cake. It was a very happy time!

When the party was over, Daddy drove into the driveway. He took a big box out of the trunk. He carried it into the house calling, "Happy birthday, Sandra!"

"Oh, Daddy, what is it? What is it?"

"Let's open it and see," Daddy answered. When they opened the

box Sandra, found a beautiful doll and a new doll carriage.

"Oh, thank you," Sandra said and hugged Daddy. She showed him all her birthday presents. She brought him a dish of ice cream and cake. Then she took her new doll for a ride in the carriage.

After a while Sandra picked up her new doll and said, "Oh, Dolly, I'm so glad that God planned for birthdays!"

Gordon H. Lord



TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

A Good Vacation

Jim lived in the city. He lived high in an apartment house. The only place he ever saw trees, grass, or birds was in the park.

One day Jim came into the living room from playing hopscotch on the sidewalk. Mother was smiling. She had a letter in her hands.

"Jim," Mother said, "here is a letter from Aunt Mary. She has invited you to come to the country for the summer."

"To the country!" Jim repeated her words. "I've never been to the country. What's it like?"

"It is beautiful," Mother answered. "There are lots of trees. There is a lot of grass. There are all kinds of animals on the farm. I think you will like it."

"But what will I do?" Jim asked.

"Your cousin Bill will know what is fun to do," Mother said. "He has lived in the country all his life."

"But I don't know him," Jim wailed.

"You'll soon get acquainted," Mother said as though that ended the matter.

Jim wasn't sure he wanted to go to the country, but plans soon were made and carried out, and almost before he knew it, he was on the train. Then it seemed no time until he had reached his station.

Aunt Mary, Uncle Ross, and Cousin Bill were there to meet him. Jim didn't know how they knew him, but he was glad they did.

"Here's the car," Bill said. "Boy, I sure am glad you came. We will have a good time."

In the busy days that followed, Jim did have a

good time. He learned many things: to gather eggs; to throw down hay to the cattle; to milk the cows; to hoe the corn. But he learned other things, too. He learned to know the song of the robin and the cardinal; he could tell where to look for their nests. He learned to fish for crawdads, and where to hunt for turtles. He learned the name of many different kinds of trees; he learned how to build a lean-to in the woods. He and Bill even spent a night in the one they had built deep in the woods. He learned to ride a horse, and to race Bill to the pasture when they went after the cows.

One morning Aunt Mary said, "In just a week, Jim, vacation will be over and you will be going back to the city to go to school."

"It can't be!" Bill said, but it was.

That night Uncle Ross said, "This has been a very happy summer for all of us. I'd like to tell God how I feel." Then he prayed, "Dear God, thank you for your plan for summer, and for the good times we have then. Thank you for vacations. Amen."

The words said what Jim felt, too.

L I've often thought
I'd like to be
I A towering, flourishing,
Lovely tree.
F I'd dig my roots
Deep in the sod,
E And reach my branches
Up toward God.
O I'd hold each nest
Within an arm,
And help secure
The birds from harm,
F I'd watch the sunrise
Colors spill,
And see it set
Behind the hill.
A I'd welcome rain
For cleansing showers,
And see the fragrant
Meadow flowers.
T I'd shelter travelers
Who rest,
And all who cared
To be my guest.
R I'd stand and view
The world so fair,
E And lift my arms
In reverent prayer.

Gedde Harmon



NONA KEEN DUFFY

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Call to Worship:

The heavens are telling the glory
of God;
and the firmament proclaims his
handiwork.

—Psalm 19:1.

Poem: Use one of those printed on these pages, or choose one of the following: "Singing About a Storm," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 21; "A Song of Praise," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 22; or "In Summer," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Two, Summer Quarter, page 24.

Scripture: Choose your own scripture passage about the joys of summer, or choose from the following: "Wonderful Are Thy Works, O God," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 25; "Song for a Journey," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 31.

Story: Use one of those printed on these pages, or use "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea," a story in seven parts in the Junior Pupil's Book for Year Three, Summer Quarter, beginning on page 7.

Song: "A Happy Day," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 35.

Discussion: Plan your own discussion based on the scripture passage used, on "God's Plan for Summer," printed on this page, or on "Which Way Is Best," Primary Pupil's Book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 38.

Prayer: Use the prayer printed here, or choose from the following: "A Prayer of Thanksgiving for Night," Junior Pupil's Book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 26; "A Prayer," Junior Pupil's Book, Year Two, Summer Quarter, page 22.

Dear God, our Father, we are glad for all the joys that summer brings. Help us to remember that it is part of your plan, and to use it well. Amen.



God's Love

God loves the lovely butterflies,
He loves the honey bees,
And I am sure He loves the birds;
He made and loves all these.

He made a world of lovely things
Beneath a sky of blue,
And I'll remember every day
He made and loves me, too.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

At the Zoo

So many, many animals
Are in the zoo.
How do they play? What do they
eat?
I wish I knew.

I only know that some are big,
And some are small;
No matter what they play or eat,
God made them all.

—FLORENCE PEDIGO JANSSON

Eva Luoma



God's Plan for Summer

Genesis 8:22 tells, very briefly, why God planned for summer. You may want to list all the reasons you can think of. Perhaps your list will look like this:

The orderly fulfillment of the law controlling the universe as the earth rotates, each part receives its share of warm weather and of cold; of day and night; of seed-time and harvest

Warmer days so seeds will sprout and grow and trees and vines produce fruit

Longer days in which man may work at the tasks of planting, cultivating, and harvesting

Time for rest, relaxation, and recreation (or re-creating our bodies, minds, and spirits)

Choosing Our Children's Companions

FROM the time your child is three years old he is likely to come home with a varied assortment of little people he will call "friends." There will be times when you will rejoice at his selection and others when you will say, "Oh, dear, what will I do now?" Regardless of what we do or say, our children will make their own friends. It is their right as individuals to do it. Parents couldn't stop it if they wanted to.

Parents do, however, have a distinct function and role in guiding children to make the right choices of companions. They can help their children and should help them to choose their associates on the basis of Christian principles. Help your children to choose companions on the basis of individual worth rather than on the basis of economic background, social standing, or even religious affiliations. Of course, these principles will be interpreted in different ways at different ages and stages of growth. Parents who begin when their children are young and help them progress through more advanced stages of selection, will be quite gratified when they see them present themselves "before God and these people" to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

There are a number of things that parents can do to help children make desirable friendships. Parents are responsible for helping a child develop a sense of his own worth as a person so that he is confident enough to initiate relationships with other children. The unsure child will grab at a straw and travel along with anyone who will have him. The self-confident child will be free to choose. Jesus, for instance, lived so close to God that he had great confidence in himself. He loved people, and he was eager to make friends with everyone.

Appreciate what a friend means to a child. A child, like an adult, tends to gravitate toward the people who make him feel comfortable and give him a sense of well being. Our friends meet our needs. A parent might do well to try to understand why his shy, quiet, and well-behaved little boy can't be

separated from that little ruffian down the street. Could it be that the shy one would like to be not quite so good and finds in his companion a rowdiness and recklessness that he dares not express himself? As you begin to think about these things, you may be able to see the influence that a particular child has had on your own child.

Among the most important things to do is to encourage friendships with desirable children. There is nothing like the positive approach in helping along a budding relationship. Have the kind of house where children feel at home. This may mean that you will have to hide your interior decoration books for a few years and cover everything with sturdy denim, but it will be worth it if you find your house filled with joyous, active, creative children. If youngsters come calling at your door, invite them in even when your child is not home. Be hospitable. A well-filled and quickly-emptied cookie jar has built many a friendship with the young. When the younger generation starts coming in, throwing their coats on the first chair, and saying, "What's to eat?" then you will know you have succeeded!

Do not hesitate, however, to let them know the rules of your house and just how far they can go in making themselves at home. When you are loving and accepting in your relationships with children, they will take your restrictions as even further evidence that you care about them. They appreciate knowing what the limits are. They know where they stand. Be sure that these "adopted" children of yours have a chance to sit around your table during a meal, to join hands in saying the grace, and enjoy your family fellowship. Your own children love having company and appreciate that extra little touch you add to the meal for their benefit. It may not be more than a red cherry on top of the dessert; but it will say to your child, "Your company is special too, and we want to welcome him."

Provide constructive activities for your child and

his friends—and a place to do them. Almost all creative activities can be carried on in the kitchen or the basement, and children will be glad to help clean up if you make a game of it. It won't take much of your time to get them started; and when you see them proudly walking home with the painting, clay model, or new leather bookmark that they have made, it will be worth the trouble.

During the years when your children are growing up, you might as well resign yourself to spending much of your time driving back and forth across

town. It may be that your child has a dear friend some distance away. You will be driving back and forth so he can play with him. You will be driving to and from swimming, skating, and various other activities which help the young develop their muscles. This is all a part of helping them enjoy the activities of their age group along with friends. Car pools help to develop stronger friendships among the children, as well as among the parents who participate. This may lead to family get-togethers, picnics, and informal meals. Try to plan group play

The friendships of small children are usually confined to children in their own neighborhood. As they grow older, their circle of friends widens.

H. Armstrong Roberts



for these affairs such as parlor games which all can enjoy, a baseball game at the picnic, or some other activity which unites the entire group regardless of age.

Let your children know what the family standards are. Then they will not be confused when confronted with something different among their friends. If you handle it right, they will be proud of the family's habits and customs and secure in knowing what is expected of them. When you keep a close relationship with your children, you will know how they are feeling and behaving and can trust them to make wise selections on their own. Show a genuine interest in all of their activities. This may mean listening to an endless, "Then he said, and then I said, and then he said," but it will put you in a spot envied by all conscientious and Christian parents. When your children confide or confess undesirable behavior, be very slow to criticize. In a casual and leisurely fashion continue the conversation. Ask some leading questions and listen for the answers. Ask some more questions, and listen again. Then try to help your children arrive at the proper conclusions without having to tell them yourself. Help them make up their own minds about what is right and wrong. They will remember it longer!

There are a number of places where children can find friends. They are most likely to meet other children at church, in the neighborhood, and at school. Those who have moved from place to place speak

fondly of the church as the best place to get acquainted in a new location. There is a warmth in Christian fellowship which is unique. Children of all ages can make friends among their church groups. When they come to the nursery department, they soon feel surrounded with love and understanding and learn the joy of sharing and cooperating. Children in the middle years find it easy to slip from working together in class, into friendships outside of class.

Youth find their programs provide opportunities for fine fellowship and lively sociability. These youthful friendships often lead to Christian marriages within the church.

Among the neighborhood children there is less choice of companions. Children are likely to play with the children on their block of similar age and interests without discrimination. Your relationship to your child should be such that you can evaluate some of the neighborhood antics and help him learn how to live. When children are very small, they are limited to their home block; as they mature, they will widen their circle of friends.

The school offers another way of making friends. Parents exercise the least influence here in helping their children choose. If you attend the meetings at your school and take an active part in the work to be done, you may meet the parents of your children's acquaintances. When your child is playing after school at the home of a friend and you call to ask

Study Guide

for "CHOOSING OUR CHILDREN'S COMPANIONS"

I Preparation for the Meeting

1. Your aim: to help families become aware of their function in helping children choose their companions according to Christian standards.
2. Read the article and suggested scripture references.
3. Check the bibliography and secure

available references. Skim through these and assign pertinent material to be read and reported on by a few selected people who will be attending the meeting.

4. Ask one or two parents of kindergarten department children, primary department children, junior department children, and youth department children to do some thinking on the subject for

discussion, and to be present at the meeting.

5. Arrange for a worship service. Scripture passages which would be useful are 1 Corinthians, Chapter 13; Judges 13:8; and Deuteronomy 6:5-7.

a. Ask a family, including both parents and children, to present a worship service such as might take place in their own home with everyone in the family participating.

b. Or darken the room, have two children dressed for bed, kneeling beside the bed in an attitude of prayer. Have hymns played quietly on the organ or piano. Include such hymns as "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," and "I Would Be True."

c. Make arrangements for the worship service well in advance of the meeting and have a rehearsal beforehand.

II. The Meeting

1. There are a number of different ways to present this program to your group.

a. Give everyone who is coming to the meeting a copy of the study article, ask him to read it, and be ready to discuss it. Arrange for a capable person to lead the discussion.

(Continued on page 27)

him to come home, spend a few extra minutes chatting with the strange parent on the other end of the line. Even a few sentences will help you know him better. When the new friend comes to your house, talk with him and listen carefully to what he says. If he suddenly comes up with, "The two best things I got for Christmas were the Bible my grandma gave me and the erector set from my parents," you have a good idea about the child and his family. If you want to encourage the relationship, invite the family over to your house.

No Christian, big or little, ought to limit his friendships to a few "birds of a feather." Help your children to learn the Christian approach to people who are different. Begin by developing a good attitude yourself. Children will copy how you feel quicker than they will copy what you say or do. Other races, other cultures, and other religions should be represented among your friends and your children's friends.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Bell that rings at night to warn children off the street. -----	23	76	3	67	50	6
B Its capital is Boise -----	53	15	79	9	45	
C A harbor, or haven -----	20	65	100	44		
D Silver, or Trigger -----	71	75	49	58	4	
E Its capital is Columbus -----	69	26	72	91		
F The Good Book -----	30	7	16	38	29	
G Where the tall corn grows -----	56	98	90	103		
H Damp, moist and humid -----	42	85	10	32	46	
I In that place -----	19	78	52	68	27	
J A blow with something blunt or heavy -----	25	101	48	70	86	
K Not so thick -----	8	87	95	14	57	5 28
L Fainthearted or fearful -----	59	37	74	64	12	
M Wrathful or enraged -----	18	66	2	60	84	
N To go away -----	39	17	83	54	24	
O What one "New York" is -----	40	88	105	31		

The Father of us all loves equally all colors and races and creeds. He can show us how, by being friends to everyone, we can help build more friendly relations among all peoples. He can help us to be sensitive to the feelings of others. When we understand and love others, we will be wise and kind in our treatment of them. This does not mean that you will not take sides or hold any deep convictions. On the other hand, you will know what you believe, and you will teach your children what you believe and why. Help them to feel well prepared to defend themselves in any discussion so that they will be less likely to compromise their convictions when it comes to choosing a life partner.

It is good for children to have various types of friends because it helps them learn to get along with people—all kinds of people—just as Jesus did. Is there anything the world needs more than mature Christians who can love and understand and co-operate?

P Long passage of water connecting two larger bodies, as Puget, or Long Island -----	73	11	61	80	35
Q Space for playing tennis -----	51	34	99	104	77
R Between yesterday and tomorrow -----	63	41	81	13	97
S Rough or unrefined -----	62	33	1	92	89 21
T All by yourself -----	22	82	47	96	43
U Native of Stockholm -----	94	36	102	93	55

(Solution on page 27)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12		13	14	15		16	17
18	19		20	21	22	23	24		25 26
27	28	29	30	31		32	33	34	35
36	37	38	39		40	41	42	43	44
45		46	47	48		49	50	51	52 53
54	55		56	57	58	59	60	61	62 63
64	65	66		67	68	69	70		71 72
73		74	75	76	77	78		79	80 81
	82	83	84		85	86		87	88 89
	90	91	92	93	94		95	96	97
98	99	100		101	102	103	104	105	

That UNlucky Old Sun Has Nuthin' to Do—

(Continued from page 17)



• A Chuck Wagon Supper

A story session is lots of fun. Choose a good talker from the group, one with a well-developed imagination and ask him to start telling a wild-west cowboy story. Explain to him, however, that just when he is about to reach an exciting place in his story, he must stop talking and point to some other member of the group who must carry on the story from there, using his own imagination of what is about to take place. After a time this storyteller can pass it on to another, and so on, until someone is compelled to climax the episode. It may be a surprise how long a good story can be kept going in this manner.

Yippee is another good fireside game. A number is chosen by acclaim between one and ten. Let us say it is the number three. Someone begins counting, and it goes around the circle from player to player, but the catch to the game is this: Whenever the number three, or a multiple of the number three comes next, the one whose turn it is must yell Yippee instead of saying the number. Thus the game would go, 1-2-yippee-4-5-yippee-7-8-yippee-10-11-yippee-yippee-14-yippee and so on. The thirties would be yippee-1-yippee-2-yippee-yippee for 33, etc. Each player who makes a mistake by calling a wrong number stops playing, and the last person to make a mistake is proclaimed winner.

No chuck wagon supper party is complete without the singing of cowboy songs around the campfire. Such songs as "Home on the Range," "Don't Fence Me In," "The Old Corral," "Wagon Wheels," "Riders of the Purple Sage," "The Lone Prairie," and many others are familiar to both the younger and older guests who enjoy singing. If the hostess has thoughtfully asked someone to bring a guitar or mandolin, the accompaniment will add greatly to the enjoyment and success of this feature.

The food committee can have quite a wide choice of menus, any one of which will prove very popular with the guests. The following are offered merely as suggestions, having been served at other chuck wagon suppers.

Barbecued beef, corn on the cob, cole-slaw, and for dessert, ice cream cones. Coffee and milk to drink.

Fried chicken, bread and butter sandwiches, potato salad, and apple pie.

Ham sandwiches, potato chips, relishes of celery, carrots, and radishes, topped off with squares of white cake with nut frosting.

Wieners or frankfurters in buns, pickles, baked beans, pumpkin tarts, and soft drinks.

Appropriate prizes for games would be cowboy neckerchiefs for both boy and girl winners, and bandanna handkerchiefs.

In planning the date for a chuck wagon supper, it

will add greatly to the glamour of the occasion if a time is chosen when the moon is full. Moonlight and chuck wagon suppers just seem to go together.

• A Sailing We Will Go!

the first voyage is an omen of bad luck. The voyage was short, however, and they soon sailed back and picked me up.

The fun we had!

We sailed in the early mornings, anchored in sheltered coves, and cooked our breakfast over open fires. We sailed on Sundays after church. We packed picnic lunches and sailed in the late afternoons and evenings. While we glided smoothly along, we munched sandwiches and deviled eggs, drank coffee and milk, and wished that the sailing season would never end.

With all the fun we had, we were ever mindful that sailing is a tricky sport. We made several rules that were never allowed to be broken. We never went out in a wind strong enough to make white caps, or if the storm flag was flying. We never went out without life cushions.

We took our friends along if they wanted to go, and if they could swim, but we never urged them to come along. To us sailing was tops, but we didn't want the responsibility of a nervous passenger. We always tried to keep in mind what to do in case of accident, as accidents do happen. We reminded ourselves, in event of an upset, to keep calm, hold fast to the life cushions, and hang onto the boat until help came.

We learned so much from our sailing. We learned to say *port* and *starboard* instead of left and right. We learned to say *lines* instead of ropes, but we learned a lesson in living as well. We learned that we can't run from our problems any more than we can turn stern to the wind without disastrous results. Turning stern to the wind will often upset a sailboat, and nothing is gained from running from our troubles. If we face them and adjust to them, as we turn into the wind and trim our sails to meet it, we ultimately arrive at our destination, albeit in a roundabout way.

Tally Ho has rested in the back yard all winter, and every time I hang out clothes, I give her a little pat for giving us such a joyous time. When Bob came in the other evening with a can of bronze paint for the bottom, I left the dishes in the sink so I could go out and help.

We are all so thrilled and excited, and can hardly wait for the first Saturday that is fit for a launching. It looks as though we are in for another summer of smooth sailing.

Tally Ho!

Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

b. Have a panel discussion with two parents and two teen-agers discussing, "What Does Christianity Say About Choosing Friends?"

c. Divide your participants into small discussion groups with four or five in each. Each small group elects a chairman and discusses "How Can Parents Help Their Children Make Friends?" At the end of twenty minutes assemble in a large group and let each chairman report what his group discussed. Have a general sharing of ideas and further discussion if time permits.

d. Have a "Problem Clinic" with participants writing anonymously whatever problems regarding companionships are troubling them. Let the group discuss solutions and make constructive, Christian suggestions.

2. Close with a worship service.

III. Discussion Questions

1. Discuss in detail the attitudes which Jesus took regarding friendliness with people. Are you willing to go as far as Jesus did? To what extent are you willing to let your children follow Jesus' example?

2. What can parents do when their children are making undesirable friendships? What Christian principles are involved?

3. What are some of the problems involved in making friends with other races, cultures, and religions?

4. What are some of the advantages of making such broad contacts?

5. How can families get started in broadening their friendships?

6. What creative activities are constructive for children and their friends?

7. If you do not enjoy having your

children's friends around, how can you change?

8. If your children are afraid to make friends with children they like, how can you help them develop the necessary self-confidence?

9. How could the church experiences of your children be improved to better help them make friends?

10. What can parents do to make their children's church contacts more significant?

IV. Resources

1. *Doorway to a Happy Home*, by Mrs. Clarence H. Hamilton. New York, Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1950.

2. *Our Children and God*, by Anna Laura Gebhard. New York, Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1950.

4. "Helping Children Adjust Socially," Better Living Booklets, Science Research Associates, 57 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois. 50c.

Date with Catherine

(Continued from page 8)

"What are you going to do?" Barbara demanded.

"Get her out of there and clean up." He picked up the pail, put it down again distractedly. "I'll have to phone Catherine, tell her we'll be a few minutes late."

Barbara was shocked. "You can't. You can't just dump her out now!" She scrambled out and opened the rear door. She peered at Ginger, laid a palm gently on the cat's side. "She's got at least three more."

A thin cry came from Ginger.

"Never mind, kitty—it's all right," Barbara spoke soothingly, giving her full white skirt a ruthless hitch as she leaned over. "We won't disturb you."

"Here we go." Johnny was kneeling on the seat. He couldn't quite look at the panting Ginger. "Or, no—you take one end of the rig, I'll take the other. We can lift her out."

"We can *not*!" she said fiercely. "Look, she's half crazy with fear. Go and turn off the headlights—they're frightening her. Oh, Johnny—look at the little, little things!"

She turned to glance at him. He was staring at the laboring Ginger and the two minute kittens.

"Oh, Johnny!" she said gently. "Don't look like that. Ginger's all right."

"Sure she is!" he said loudly and sarcastically. "You go ahead and play Florence Nightingale if you want to—it's not in my line. I'm going in to phone Catherine. And"—he backed out of the car—"I'll give that cat just fifteen minutes, then out she goes!"

He stamped out, came back to snap off the headlights, then went out again and went into the house.

When he came back, he was calmer. Catherine had been sweet. She said fifteen minutes would be all right.

"We're going to need a box," Barbara said as soon as he came in, without even asking what Catherine had said. "And some newspapers. And if you've an old scrap of woolly blanket about anywhere—"

"I told Mom. She's looking in the basement for a box. Is it all over? We've got to get going."

He peered into the gloom, barely making out a white blur that was Barbara, bent over the seat, her hair falling forward across her face.

"Are these her first kittens?" she asked.

"How on earth should I know? Yes, I suppose so. Of course!" he added, startled. "Why—she was only a kitten herself when we got her. And that wasn't so long ago."

"Shh! She's getting worried again," Barbara cautioned him in a low voice.

"Listen—we've only got a few minutes more. I'm going for the box and the papers—and then we've got to clean up quickly and go."

"She's having a hard time," Barbara said. "We'll simply have to wait."

He was bitter. "What about me? It's my last night, my last chance to see Catherine. I suppose I don't matter. I can just hang around and wait for a cat!"

She looked over at him, impatiently. "Don't hang around, then. Go on over to Catherine's. I'll take care of Ginger and the kittens."

"Go over—without the car!" He was horrified. "I suppose Catherine can walk all the way. And what about her cousin?"

"He can pick me up over here. Perhaps he's a good sport," Barbara said noncommittally.

"What do you mean by that remark?"

"Nothing. Go on, phone her. You'll simply burst if you don't."

He went.

CATHERINE was not so sweet this time. They'd hardly have time for any fun at this rate. Her cousin was getting bored, sitting about, waiting. Was Johnny going to lose his last night with her just because of a cat? She'd wait another fifteen minutes. Then she'd really have to take the cousin somewhere before he expired with boredom.

Johnny was desperate, but he got a flicker of satisfaction out of telling Barbara that Catherine's cousin didn't sound as though he'd like to pass his last night in town playing nursemaid to a bunch of kittens, either.

"I wonder if we ought to send for a vet?" Barbara's voice was worried. "I don't know much about what to do for cats."

The faint emphasis on the last word startled him. "You mean you'd know if. . ."

"Well, I'm very much of an ignoramus as yet," she said, "but we're all equipped to handle emergencies, at least until a doctor comes."

He stood still in the darkness, the box

(Continued on page 28)

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Agree with God, and be at peace, thereby good will come to you. Receive instruction from his mouth, and lay up his words in your heart." (Job 22:21-22)

The Words

A Curfew	K Thinner
B Idaho	L Timid
C Port	M Angry
D Horse	N Leave
E Ohio	O City
F Bible	P Sound
G Iowa	Q Court
H Muggy	R Today
I There	S Coarse
J Thump	T Alone

U Swede

• Date with Catherine

(Continued from page 27)

dangling from his hand a little limply. He looked at the girl in the white dress kneeling there. She looked awfully young. Slender. He moved nearer, slowly, his eyes still on her. On her hands. They were slender, too, but the fingers—the short, young oval of the nail devoid of polish—the fingers were faintly square at the tips. Strong looking.

The line of her profile suddenly showed clear in the moonlight from the doorway when she turned her head.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Nothing. How's Ginger doing now?"

She shook her head. "You'd better go. I'll give her a little while more—then I'm going to send for the vet."

He went over and knelt upon the seat beside her.

There was silence. An unmeasured time passed, until Barbara gave an exclamation, and Johnny found his mouth was suddenly not dry anymore.

"That's all—I'm sure," Barbara said in a long breath. "Oh—look! That last one—it's coal black!"

It struck them both as extraordinarily funny.

"I'll be darned!" Johnny breathed. "She's getting to work on them already."

"It's a perfectly natural function," Barbara said calmly. "Recovery is rapid—Now, where's the box?"

She stepped from the car, briskly. Johnny followed her slowly.

"Never mind," he said abruptly.

"You mean you're going to let her stay there?"

Barbara was illogically stricken. "Oh, Johnny! What time is it? It can't be too late! We can hurry. You can phone her. . ."

"It's nearly ten o'clock."

"But it can't be!"

"But it is." He was sad, and resigned, but he eyed the kittens with an unreasonable feeling of pride. "Come on, Nurse." He managed to sound jocular. Didn't Mother say something about some chocolate pie?"

Barbara stared at him, astonished, "Oh, would you really like it?"

He guided her a little across the shadows of the garage. Outside, she stood back while he closed the garage door. He turned unexpectedly, caught her looking at him.

He stared, too. It was something about her. About the shine of the moonlight on her hair, the way her arms dropped to her sides against the white dress, the way her eyes looked suddenly enormous and dark.

A queer feeling came into his throat. The sweet, waiting beauty of the night seemed to deepen around her. In the stillness he could hear her soft breathing. He moved forward. His hand reached out for hers.

"Johnny!" It was his mother's voice from the window. "Telephone!"

His hand dropped away.

He had already started to run for the house when Barbara said on a high key, "You go, now, Johnny. I'll see you sometime!"

He glanced back at her, then up at his

mother in the window. A struggle went on in his face.

"Did Catherine say what she wanted?"

"She said something about her cousin deciding to leave early—and that she'd be waiting. She chatters so—she's still waiting on the phone."

Barbara's white dress was moving at a faster pace across the lawn.

"Tell Catherine"—he paused—"tell Catherine I can't make it, will you, Mom?"

For a moment the finality of his own words shocked him. He could almost see the telephone lying off the hook—feel it in his hand—hear himself stammering out words. Then, in another second it was over. All of it. Catherine was over, like a bad film. He was out. He was free.

"I'll tell her!" The relief in his mother's voice was evident.

Barbara was almost running when he galloped across the lawn. He caught up with her just in time to catch her as she tripped.

"Look out!" He clutched her arm. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I did. I haven't got my glasses on."

He shook his head. "Rather break your neck than wear your glasses." He drew her hand through his arm. "Women!" he said, with scorn and a deep pleasant warmth.

• Vacation Means Fun

(Continued from page 2)

adults in whom they have confidence. Resourceful parents can do much to create situations that will stimulate the small fry's curiosity for learning.

Another important thing is to give children some space—a room or workshop if that is feasible, and in small homes a shelf or drawer—where they may house their toys, collections, and supplies for work and play.

Summer is an ideal time for families to do things together. Besides the fun of shared experiences, a trip offers a child an opportunity to learn history and geography without even realizing that he is learning. Camping out for a night or two may challenge a youngster's initiative and resourcefulness, teaching him something of his physical environment and of the right ways to use natural resources. On week ends the family may take short excursions to near-by places and outings of all kinds. Even a hike or simple picnic often furnishes pleasure and excitement.

"Go outside if you want to romp," or "You'll have to wait until recess to play such a boisterous game," are remarks sometimes made by mothers and teachers. Outdoors there are fewer re-

(Continued on page 30)

W
I
L
B
U
R



"There'll be chores on the moon, too."

BOOKS

for the Hearthside

For Children

900 Buckets of Paint, by Edna Becker. An old woman and her donkey, cats, and cow set out to hunt for a house to suit them all. Thanks to 900 buckets of paint they find just the right place. Droll humor and many colorful pictures will make this book a favorite.

Serena and the Cookie Lady, by Grace Klem. When the money in the china hen on the mantelpiece runs low, the Cookie Lady becomes sad, and that worries Serena, her beautiful big cat. So Serena goes into action. Exciting things begin to happen. Soon the china hen is full to overflowing, and once again life is happy for Serena and the Cookie Lady.

The Happy Day, by Ruth Krauss. The animals are asleep, and it is snowing. They wake up and they sniff. The squirrels run out of the trees, the ground hogs run out of the ground, the field mice run, the animals run, and the bears run. Then they all dance to celebrate the marvelous thing—one yellow flower.

For Youth

Summer Gold, by Harry Harrison Kroll (The Westminster Press, 176 pages. Price, \$2.75)

Barbara Estwicke, a student at the University of Tennessee, learns that her late father left her some land in the Carolina Mountains. A lawyer advises Barbara to relinquish the land, but Barbara and Bill, a college friend, investigate the land and find that it has an abundance of virgin timber.

Barbara decides to convert the land into a camp for girls, and surmounting many difficulties, she and Bill erect a camp in time for opening in June.

Teen-age girls will enjoy this book.

Listen, My Heart, by Ellen Turngren (Longmans, Green and Co. 194 pages. Price, \$3.00)

Sigrid Almbeck, daughter of Swedish immigrants, has always had one dream—to be free and to see the world. Her ambitions are thwarted, however, for her father, a poor farmer, needs all of his family to help on the farm.

Sigrid has other problems. How can she make a certain boy like her? Where is she going to get the money to go to college?

Then comes a time when Sigrid is no longer shackled to the farm, but her freedom does not leave her with the sense of triumph that she has expected. She learns instead that freedom is of the heart and that you can have the whole world wherever you are.

An excellent book for teen-age girls.

Left End Scott, by Dick

Friendlich (The Westminster Press, 191 pages. Price \$2.75)

Carl Scott (real moniker Grosvenor Carlisle Scott) transfers to a large university from a small junior college. At the junior college Carl was a football star, but at Broadhurst U he is just a little fish in a big pond. His efforts to be a success on the university football team are blighted by the dislike of a big football star.

On top of this Carl has a problem roommate who is trying to aggrandize himself by basking in Carl's glory.

Teen-age boys will enjoy this fast-moving football story.

For Adults

Marriage Happiness or Unhappiness, by Tom R. Blaine (Dorance and Company, Inc., 197 pages. Price, \$2.50)

Here is an excellent book on the causes of divorce and solutions to marital problems, written by a judge who has presided at more than ten thousand divorce cases. This is swift, fascinating reading in language which is easily understandable to the average layman. All married couples and those anticipating marriage will profit from reading this revealing, helpful book on the greatest institution of our day—marriage.

If you are looking for a guide on how to be a happy and efficient hostess, you will find it in **The Hostess' Manual**, by Marguerite Kohl and Frederica Young (David McKay Co., New York, 1954. 205 pages. Price, \$3.50). Suggestions are offered on how to plan and carry out all types of parties and informal home entertaining. The cue to the type offered here is found in this description of home entertaining—"easy, relaxed, informal, and as inexpensive as possible." The ten chapters of this book will provide enough suggestions to keep you supplied for several years of hospitality. You can ignore the six and a half pages devoted to cocktail parties.

● Vacation Means Fun

(Continued from page 28)

straints on adventure, discovery, and active play than there are in the house, and many joyous learning experiences take place. A stroll along a country road or even along the streets of one's own neighborhood can yield much fun, as well as being a lesson in the art of thoughtful observation. During such excursions enthusiastic adults may introduce children to all sorts of wonders, varying from the beautiful colors of a neighbor's flower garden to different kinds of birds or the interesting shapes of the floating clouds. Incidentally, the children may point out to parents things that only their keen eyes have discovered!

Most communities, too, no matter how meager their resources, have something to offer to vacationing youngsters. Museums, zoos, country fairs, outdoor concerts, public parks, playgrounds, and swimming pools provide excellent ways of learning for fun. In some communities the public schools are kept open for children's theaters, enjoyment of music, nature study, and informal training in arts and crafts. In one city a baseball school for boys from ten to sixteen years of age is held for a month under the auspices of the recreation director of the park department.

The public library is a boon to happy vacationing. Fortunate is the youngster who is introduced early in life to the children's room at the library, with its delightful juvenile magazines and books on almost every subject and interest in the world. Some libraries provide a storytelling hour, a program of entertaining films, and a kaleidoscope with fascinating pictures. (A young niece of mine dotes on the entertainment that old-fashioned contrivance affords!)

Many businesses and industries offer guided tours. An industrial plant in which a child may see at first hand the processes of manufacturing; a railroad yard or wholesale market where he may learn of the various states and countries that supply our daily needs; a newspaper office; telephone office; flower shop; creamery; and the post office may be valuable resources for teaching him informally.

Important as wholesome activity is to youngsters, we should not feel that they must be forever going places and doing things. Let us not forget that most children like to be alone sometimes, just as do adults. They like time for meditation and dreaming; they like to read in quiet nooks, enjoying the serene companionship of a good book or traveling on the wings it provides to faraway times and places. That is as it should be. Summer is no time to be hurried or harried. It is a time to be happy in one's own individual way.

BIBLE BOOK OF THE MONTH



Ezekiel is the Bible Book of the Month for July. Ezekiel and Jeremiah both lived and prophesied at the time of the fall of Jerusalem. Both saw the coming destruction of the nation, and both had hope of an ultimate restoration. (1) Who was Ezekiel? Where did he live at the time he prophesied? (2) What did Ezekiel teach as to individual responsibility?

● Alexander Jackson Douglas

(Continued from page 9)

oring the one who had given the most money and had served the longest—all of which pointed to Brother Strickland.

At the Christmas celebration the congregation presented the watch to Mr. Strickland. The members took sides, some for and some against giving the watch to Strickland. A few weeks later Benjamin Strickland, with a flowery speech about his precious bees, presented his beloved pastor with a jar of strained honey.

In accepting the present Pastor Douglas said he was reminded of the story of King David. "In the midst of a fierce battle the king longed for a drink of water from the well at Bethlehem. Three of his braves went by night and brought back a horn of water. But because they had risked their lives, King David would not drink it. He poured it out unto the Lord. I shall keep it on the mantel at the parsonage as a reminder of your generosity."

The parishioners saw the jar of honey and buzzed like old Skinfint Strickland's bees. Pastor Douglas realized it was time to move. Jennie ordered the old trunks to be brought out of the attic and began again to pack, but with sadness, for she loved her country home in Kentucky. Her husband had an offer to go to Iowa and start children's savings in the schools. He left wife and children in Columbia City. As his new venture did not work out very well, he accepted a call to a parish in Monroeville. Again the family said good-by to old friends.

The Rev. A. J. never let his failures or clashes with his parishioners get him down. He simply moved on. His philosophy was not "Try, try again if you don't succeed at first," but "Let someone else try." Years later his son became a popular preacher and followed

the father's philosophy of moving on when confronted with cantankerous human nature in his big city churches. Finally, at fifty, Lloyd C. Douglas moved entirely out of the pulpit to his study where he wielded a mighty pen. His first novel was *Magnificent Obsession*, followed by another best seller, *Forgive Us Our Trespasses*.

As with so many great men, the simple life of an obscure village became the proving ground for Author Douglas. His many close contacts with plain folks like those in the Monroeville parish gave him an insight into character. His father had six country churches to care for. To supplement the meager salary of \$600, three of the churches each fall and spring, alternately had semi-annual visitations. The congregations arrived en masse, men, women, and children and used the parsonage as headquarters. They went shopping in the country stores and then returned for a big dinner. Tables were set up in every room in the house and even in the yard, if the weather was good. At the end of the visit the Douglasses reaped a harvest of jars and jars of canned and dried foods. Even the barn was stocked with feed. Once they were given eighteen gallons of apple butter. It had been a good apple year.

"What shall we do with all those gallons?" moaned Mama Douglas. She didn't dare give any away for fear the donors would be offended.

The Rev. A. J. chuckled and said soothingly. "We'll paint the barn!" Mama Douglas didn't think it funny.

On such occasions as donation day, the ex-schoolmarm, Jennie Douglas, was proud of her "nice little man." He always bowed from the waist politely; spoke only when spoken to. Lloyd arrived at this humiliating success through torturous ways. He was never allowed to play rough games with the neighbor boys. He could not go swimming; his mother feared he would drown. He was not allowed to ride in the parade in the decorated wagon in the church school picnic; his mama feared the horses would run away. In the children's Bible the picture of David holding up Goliath's head was pasted over; she did not want her son to see brutality.

He had a lost childhood. Mama Douglas meant well, but judging from the psychologist's advice to mothers, her renowned son should have grown up maladjusted. He successfully made his own adjustments.

His father stepped more into the picture when his mother had to focus all of her attention on her little son Clyde. He had a convulsion and with no doctor available, Mrs. Douglas called in a neighbor who immediately heated some water in the wash boiler. The thoughtless woman plunged the child in the hot

water, forgetting that the copper bottom was red hot. The baby's skin was cruelly burned.

To relieve the strain at home Papa Douglas began taking his son Lloyd on his calls. On one of these trips they passed a farm house where three husky sons were sitting in a row on the front porch.

"How's your father today?" asked the pastor as he raised his high plug hat.

"Guess!" replied Bill the elder.

"Better, I hope," answered the parson.

"Nope," crowed Bill. "He's dead."

After the service at the grave, Bill handed the Rev. A. J. Douglas a half dollar, "Thanks Reverend. Maybe we'll be calling on yuh again sometime." Their maw, they added, was "doing poorly."

"On many drives around the countryside," remembers Lloyd, "we played games with Greek words. Although Papa never played ball with me or flew a kite, we met on common ground—that of words, exciting new words." When he was twelve, Lloyd Douglas had as good a knowledge of Greek as the average college graduate.

During that summer's companionship Lloyd discovered his father and his own future. Into that future his father did not live to enter. If he could have gazed into the crystal ball, he would have seen his son writing eleven best sellers, climaxing in *The Robe*. This book remained on the popularity list for four years, was translated into eighteen languages, and sold two million copies. The author had the satisfaction of knowing through letters that thousands, after reading it, turned for the first time to their Bibles. *The Robe* was finished in 1942, and today in 1956 is a popular movie. The idea for the book came in a batch of fan mail. A saleslady in Ohio wrote, "What was the reaction of the Roman soldier who won the coat? Did he wear it?" This question started Dr. Douglas on a research project and then to his typewriter. He wrote with his usual humility to his editor, "I feel I am not big enough to do this thing as it ought to be done, but I'm going to try. I'll be handling some pretty high-powered stuff. Here's where the mouse labors in the hope of bringing forth a mountain."

Lloyd C. Douglas carried out to perfection the talents which his father handed down to him. The Rev. A. J. Douglas scattered his consecrated gifts unstintingly over the lives of the country folks grubbing out a living. The glory of his life is not limited to his son, but shines in an ever-widening scope.

● Bumpo

(Continued from page 18)

Bumpo no questions. She just put his carrot down on the ground in front of him. His neck was so stiff and straight that he could not lower it to eat his carrot. Bumpo's mother found a low box and sat Bumpo down in front of it. She put the carrot on top and near the edge to make it easier for Bumpo to eat. Bumpo just loved carrots. He squatted on his hind legs and nibbled slowly at his supper. His neck was VERY stiff. Still his mother asked no questions. She went on feeding all of Bumpo's many brothers and sisters, but she did keep one eye on Bumpo and one eye on his many brothers and sisters. But she knew Bumpo was having a very hard time.

Bumpo's neck did not get better till he was fast asleep.

The next day, Bumpo started out early for the zoo again. He didn't go near the elephant's cage, and he went the long way 'round to the monkey's cage so he wouldn't have to pass by the giraffe.

At the monkey's cage Bumpo found some people who had come early to the zoo. They were feeding the monkeys peanuts. Bumpo went to the edge of the cage as his mother had told him to do. He sat down and watched and watched all that was going on. How those monkeys did love those peanuts!

Bumpo decided that he wouldn't like peanuts because he liked carrots and lettuce and things that grew in a garden. But just the same it was fun to watch monkeys eat peanuts and bananas.

Bumpo had the most fun though, watching the monkeys swing by their tails. He thought and thought about how he might do tricks like that. He twisted his head and looked around at his short, stubby white tail. It was a beautiful tail and Bumpo always had been very proud of it though it always had been very short. Once he had caught that short tail on the bottom of the picket fence. Remembering that gave Bumpo a bright idea.

He went back to the fence and crawled under it where it was closest to the ground and, sure enough, his tail got caught again. He pulled gently at first then a little harder. His tail was really out quite straight. He looked around to admire it.

"One more pull will make it long, I hope," he said to himself. But—when Bumpo pulled the next time the lovely, white fuzzy fur pulled right off the end of his tail.

Bumpo was so disappointed.

He stayed away from home most of the day and when it grew darker in the evening he began to be very hungry.

He knew there would be good carrots at home for dinner, but he didn't want all his many brothers and sisters to see his tail without any fur on it. He waited till it was almost bed time. Then he slipped quietly back under the fence into his home in Mr. Lamper's yard.

All of Bumpo's many brothers and sisters were in bed; so his mother could keep two eyes on Bumpo. Right away she saw the tail without any fur; but she still didn't ask any question. She got a nice big carrot and half a turnip for Bumpo. Then she kept her two eyes looking straight at him. She didn't scold him nor did she say she would punish him. But she did say, "I understand all the foolishness you have been doing these last three days, Bumpo. You tried being an elephant; you tried being a giraffe; and today you have tried being a monkey. Why not try being just yourself?"

"Hop around the yard, eat your carrots and enjoy them like you used to do, play with all your many brothers and sisters, and be happy. There is nothing more beautiful than a happy rabbit with a white, fluffy tail. Just be yourself, my Bumpo."

And Bumpo did.

Next Month:

What to Do About Jealousy Temperance Teaching

in the Home

Each Child Is an Individual Broken Homes—In Spirit The Minister's Special Fund

Give *Hearthstone* as a gift! Mail this coupon and get a special introductory rate of \$2.50 per year

Send to _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone ____ State _____

Gift card from _____

☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Charge to _____

**Christian Board of Publication
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 3, Mo.**

OR

**The American Baptist
Publication Society
1703 Chestnut
Philadelphia 3, Pa.**

Over the back fence



● Blessed Circle

We often hear people speak of a "vicious circle." Here is evidence of what might be termed a "blessed circle."

Many studies have revealed that a vital faith is a primary factor in guaranteeing the stability of marriage ties. Broken marriages are less frequent in homes where religion has a real place.

Recently Prof. E. Lowell Kelly, University of Michigan psychologist, reported that studies he has made indicate that the religious attitude of both men and women is stronger after twenty years of married life.

He said the finding was the most significant change noted in his survey of the basic attitudes of 300 couples whom he had first contacted when they became engaged during the days of depression, when cynicism and pessimism were prevalent.

Of the original couples only 22 broke their engagements, and of the remaining 278 marriages, 12 have ended in death, 39 in divorce.

Naturally, this process of deepening religious faith does not just naturally follow many years of living together. There must be commitment and faithfulness, effort and perseverance, study and devotion, work and service.

At any rate the chances are great that those couples who launch their homes this month within the atmosphere and convictions of Christian faith will involve themselves in a blessed circle. Begun now in faith, continued through the years in devotion, the circle will widen to include their children and their children's children, even to many generations.

● To Camp or Not to Camp

That is the question for several million families this summer as they think of vacation activities for their children.

For nearly eight million children the answer will be "yes." In camps of all kinds across the length and breadth of our land many girls and boys will be spending from a few days to three months mostly out of doors.

Where to camp is a big question for many parents. A recent Public Affairs Pamphlet, No. 231, *How to Choose a Camp for Your Child* (22 East 38th St., New York 16, N. Y. 25 cents) will provide helpful suggestions in answer to that question. Ernest Osborne is the author, and he raises twelve questions that parents should ask about any camp where they plan to send their children.

The pamphlet gives general guidance on the types of camps and what they can do for children.

Readers of *Hearthstone* who wish to know more about various camps and conferences conducted under church sponsorship are urged to write their respective national offices.*

● Is Your Name Written There?

Where? This time we refer to the book of registered voters.

This is a reminder to all of *Hearthstone's* family to check up on their registration status. This issue is too late for some of you to be registered for voting in the primary elections. If you are registered, be sure to vote. The primaries are important parts of our democratic system.

Surely, there will be none who will betray their citizenship responsibilities by refusing to vote in this presidential election year.

It is not too harsh to say that the person who does not vote if he is eligible does not deserve to live in this fair land.

Study the issues, the men, and express yourself!

*See names and addresses on contents page of this issue.

macdonald

Church . . . Home . . . School

by Rae Cross

Church . . . Home . . . School! Realizing how vital a part each one plays, or should play, in their children's lives, my neighbors, the Mitchells, decided to do something constructive about it.

They have three small children, Billie 3, Jean 5, and Nell 6. They love to "play" school and "play" house. Mrs. Mitchell added "play" church, and through her wise guidance these children are acquiring a spiritual understanding and a firm belief in God and his goodness that will remain with them always.

The basement playroom has a linoleum on the floor. Mr. Mitchell painted it a pastel green and then marked it off into four equal sections with black paint. One square is labeled *Home*; another *School*; the third *Church*; the fourth one will be *Community* and will be used as soon as the children understand its meaning.

Each little square has very simple and inexpensive furnishings—the children made the chairs and tables from orange crates. It

doesn't take any ingenuity to direct them in playing school or house—that they know and love. Mrs. Mitchell wanted church to be just as natural; so she plays with them. There is no levity about it, although they are happy. The children are taught reverence, respect, and love of God. Simple little prayers are given; Mrs. Mitchell tells Bible stories, and they sing songs and talk naturally of their experiences. Each day they learn a short verse, a table blessing, or draw pictures in keeping with the story they heard. Four little chairs, a table with a Bible on it, and a picture of the baby Jesus are all the equipment in the church square. Mr. Mitchell is making a sand table which will be a big help in illustrating stories or making seasonal displays such as the Nativity scene.

The children move naturally from one facet of life to another. The Mitchells attempt to supervise them all and bring about a carry-over from one to the other. Their children are learning the deeper meanings of home life, the value of an education, and they have a firm belief in the goodness of God and his salvation that is amazing in children so young.

"Even if we had to live in one room," say the Mitchells, "one small corner would be God's sanctuary, and there our children would be taught to know and love him. We want our children to think of Jesus as a personal friend—One who is always close to them—not only in church, but also in their home, school, and community life."

photo by erb





New Horizons in Vacation Reading

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE COMES TO YOU

Compiled and Edited by Benjamin P. Browne. A book which makes one want to write, makes clear what needs to be written, how to write it, and where to send it for successful marketing. Unique among books designed to help ambitious writers improve literary skill-----\$5.00

MAID OF ISRAEL

By Tolbert R. Ingram. Miriam, brought captive out of her native land, met her new life with courage and faith. She encouraged her master to believe that he could be healed of leprosy. Her problems were many . . . a fascinating tale unfolds as the Bible story is retold--\$3.00

WALKS OF JESUS

By B. Lewis. Here Jesus lives again, vital and strong against a Palestinian background. The joy of the "fellowship of the saints" is on each page and cannot fail to awaken hearts to demands of discipleship-----\$1.50

THE YOUNG CHURCH IN ACTION

By J. B. Phillips. Readers of Phillips' earlier, highly popular books will welcome this extraordinary translation from the Greek. The author restores the original impact and strength to Luke's great works on the Acts of the Apostles-----\$2.50

THE ANSWER IS GOD

By Elise Miller Davis. The inspiring personal account of Dale Evans and Roy Rogers . . . and the miracle that changed their lives. This story of heartbreak, failure, and success will move and inspire every reader---\$3.25

THE HEART OF PETER MARSHALL'S FAITH

By Peter Marshall. Two inspirational messages from "Mr. Jones, Meet the Master." Here are the keystones of Dr. Marshall's preaching ministry, the heart of his faith: need to practice Christ's principles, belief in an abundant life to come-----\$1.00

FORWARD MARCH

By Joseph H. Heartberg. This booklet was written for those who are in the service or are now leaving church and home for the service. It describes experiences to be expected in military life and helps the reader as a Christian to grow through his service. It is especially prepared for young people. There is a presentation page on the inside front cover for the name of the service person and the signature of the giver. Remember your serviceman when looking for your vacation reading . . . you might duplicate your order for him or her and include a copy of "Forward March."

-----25¢

THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA

By Edmund Wilson. A brilliant author and distinguished critic tells the story of the most amazing discovery of recent generations. This account of the finding of the scrolls from the Dead Sea is written with warmth, a consciousness of historical and religious background and understanding of personalities involved-----\$3.25

PROTESTANT WITNESS OF A NEW AMERICAN

By Angelo Di Domenica. An account of the historic mission of a Protestant Witness to Italians in America and Italy. Baptism; mortgage burning; bi-lingual "firsts" in publications and classes; honorary degrees; numbers of young people led to the Christian ministry; record years of untiring, inspiring effort-----\$2.50

THE YOUTH FELLOWSHIP

By Oliver DeWolf Cummings. This book represents the most forward-looking thinking of today's most successful youth leaders. It presents experienced or inexperienced leaders a total view of youth's needs and the program called for in the local church. It shows how activity is to be related to study for the fullest development of Christian character-----\$2.50

PAPA'S WIFE

By Thyra Ferre Bjorn. Blonde, blue-eyed Maria, a housemaid, captured the heart and hand of a handsome Lapland parson. She presented him with eight children and inspired the family's move to America. Amusing, touching incidents chronicle happy family life lit by love and limitless trust in God-----\$3.75

WHEN CHILDREN ASK

By Margueritte Harmon Bro. A completely revised edition of a book which has held an important place in lives of parents, teachers and educators . . . and most important, in lives of children. Highly readable and psychologically sound, it offers various viewpoints through the medium of true stories and incidents--\$3.50

CHRISTIAN BOARD
OF PUBLICATION

Beaumont and Pine Blvd., St. Louis 3, Mo.

THE AMERICAN BAPTIST
PUBLICATION SOCIETY
1703 Chestnut St., Phila. 3, Pa.